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GIRLS AND CORPSES™

Premiere Issue #1

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SURGEON GENERALS WARNING: This magazine may cause bouts of uncontrollable laughing, nausea, giggling, rickets, munchies, intestinal gas, heavy breathing, priapism, elephantiasis, staring, guffawing, the runs and spontaneous combustion. This magazine contains depictions of dead things, actual beautiful women, dark comedy and simulated acts of affection between the living and the dead. If you are offended by any of these things, throw out your television immediately.

INDICIA: GIRLS AND CORPSES MAGAZINE Premiere issue #1. February, 2007. Published (four times yearly) by Robert Steven Rhine/Rhine Entertainment and Stephan Miller /Gunslinger Media. Corporate Morgue 11333 Moorpark Street #192. Studio City CA 91602 info@girlsandcorpses.com. Copyright © 2007 Girls and Corpses Magazine. Girls and Corpses is a TM of Robert Steven Rhine and Stephan Miller. Gunslinger Media is a TM of Stephan Miller. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Girls and Corpses Magazine. All material and artwork in this magazine is the property of Girls and Corpses Magazine and are protected under United States

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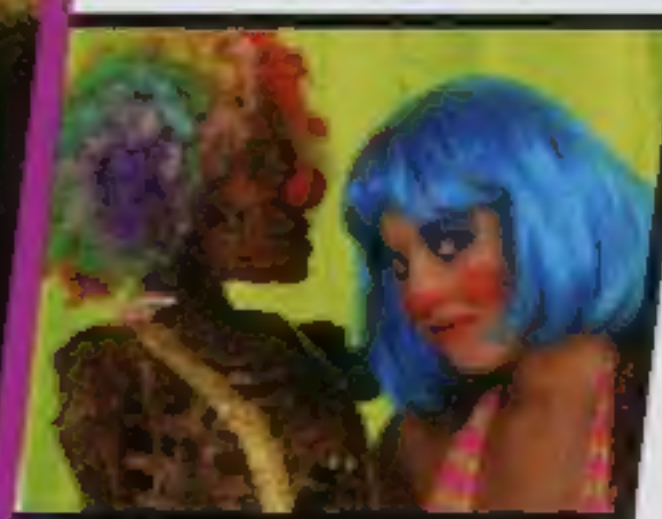
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Home with Rob - Pg. 32



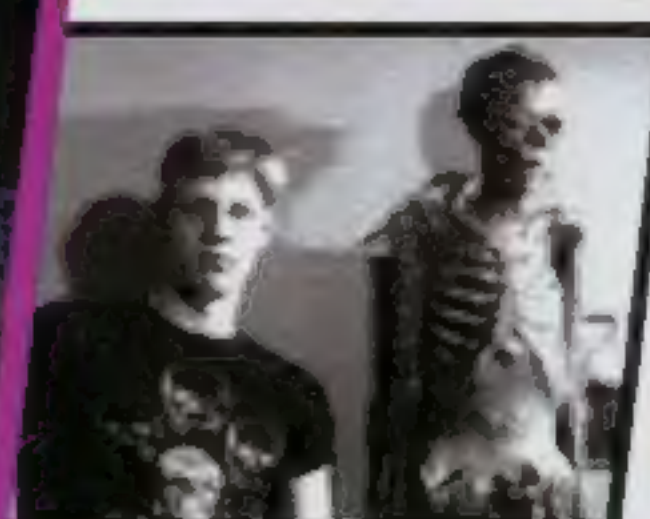
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Special Thanks to
Peter Dryer, Anessa Dobberstein, Brad Zutuat,
JD., EDM, Frank Forte and The Dave's & their crew at ASM

Letter from the Deaditor-In-Chief

By Robert Steven Rhine



Welcome, corpses, to the world's first comedy magazine... about death.

What you now hold in your hand (hopefully just the magazine) is terrifyingly unique, exciting and original. A melding of horror and comedy and art as seen through dead eyes — and we will never be the same.

Who would have thunk two years ago that *Girls and Corpses Magazine* would have become a festering juggernaut, sweeping the graveyards of the world like an insidious plague of black comedy? Well, I guess, I did. Let me introduce myself — I am the Grin Creeper, Robert Steven Rhine. Think of me as the Phew Hefner of the magazine world. Praise me or blame me, I am the creator of this madness I call *Girls and Corpses Magazine*.

Girls and Corpses began as just a single maggot in the mind of a madman. And now you are infested as well. I am often asked, "Why?" which usually comes right after, "WTF!" The contrast of beautiful fresh nubile posing beside corpulent corpses has captured your gawking eyes (which we keep in a jar by the door).

I get a lot of questions about whether *Girls and Corpses* is a 'necrophilia' magazine. We are not encouraging sex with the dead. We are not pro death — but we do need death to appreciate life. This magazine concept naturally stirs up intense emotions. That's because *Girls and Corpses* blends two things with which we are all fascinated: life, in its most beautiful form, and the decay and stench of death.

Men and women equally like to gaze at beautiful girls. Who wouldn't? They are the epitome and embodiment of life — literally giving birth to it. On the other hand, we can't seem to take our eyes off 'death,' as we slow down to catch a glimpse of a car crash. We cannot deny the phenomenal success of horror movies: from *The Mummy* to *Night of The Living Dead* from *Saw* to *Hostel* — we are utterly fascinated by corpses.

So, I thought, why not put these two extremes together like a Reese's Peanut Butter Cup into one great taste. And you're eating it up! *Girls and Corpses* has already had enormous web success and led to this magazine that you now cradle like a newborn freak in your bony digits.

"I've died and gone to *Girls and Corpses* magazine!"

As strange as it may seem, *Girls and Corpses* is primarily a comedy magazine, tackling the most sensitive issue of our lives... our death. What could possibly be funny about death? No one wants to die. However, it's the most significant moment of our lives beside our birth. It's the final curtain call. Yet we don't like to discuss it, much less dwell on it. So, I thought, what better way to stare death in the maw than with humor?

But how do you make death funny? First, I needed corpses — crates of them. I couldn't exactly go down to the local 7-Eleven and get a six-pack. I needed a henchman to gather the bodies for each issue. Not an easy task. After an exhaustive search, to each corner of the globe, I unearthed my gravedigger, Kevin Klemm, who procures our corpulent corpses that we pose with our mouth-watering models. Kevin has believed in the dream of this magazine from the beginning and stuck it out, and I am extremely grateful to have him both as a friend, contributor and hunchbacked Igor.

I am often asked if the corpses are real. And to this I say, judge for yourself. I will only add that to harbor real corpses is against the law — as is necrophilia. But we will divulge that our female models are all too real. And we have some real hotties in store for you — posing with some real coldies.

Girls and Corpses magazine has been sailing along on the web generating millions of visitors. But you all kept begging for a print version. Then, at one of the many horror conventions we exhibit at, I met a soul named Stephan Miller of Gunslinger Media. Stephan kept urging me on, saying that *Girls and Corpses* should exist in print form, so he could have something

to read on the toilet. So, after two years, he finally convinced me, and Stephan Miller is my new co-publisher. Stephan published our first calendar for us, which I am very proud of and we hope you all order at: <http://girlsandcorpsesstore.com/>

This is, of corpse, a very special issue — our commemorative print issue! So we pondered who would be the perfect lady to grace our first cover.

She would have to be our Marilyn Monroe of the cemetery world. The name that stuck in all our minds was Sheri Moon Zombie. She's beautiful, a horror film star, and is also coupled with the most rocking figure on the horror scene, Rob Zombie. Little did we know that Sheri and Rob were already fans of the magazine. *Girls and Corpses* is truly stepping into the void, and this brave lass jumped in with both bare feet. So, we deeply thank Sheri from the bottom of our rotting hearts for taking the leap to be our first cover model.

There are many wonderfully talented folks who helped put together this issue and others, who we hope will continue to ride the funeral train with us, specifically: John Boegehold (our web corpse and cover artist); our artistic inspiration Darren Frydendall; our senior photographer Albert L. Ortega, Ron Sawyer (Music Editor), and dozens of others.

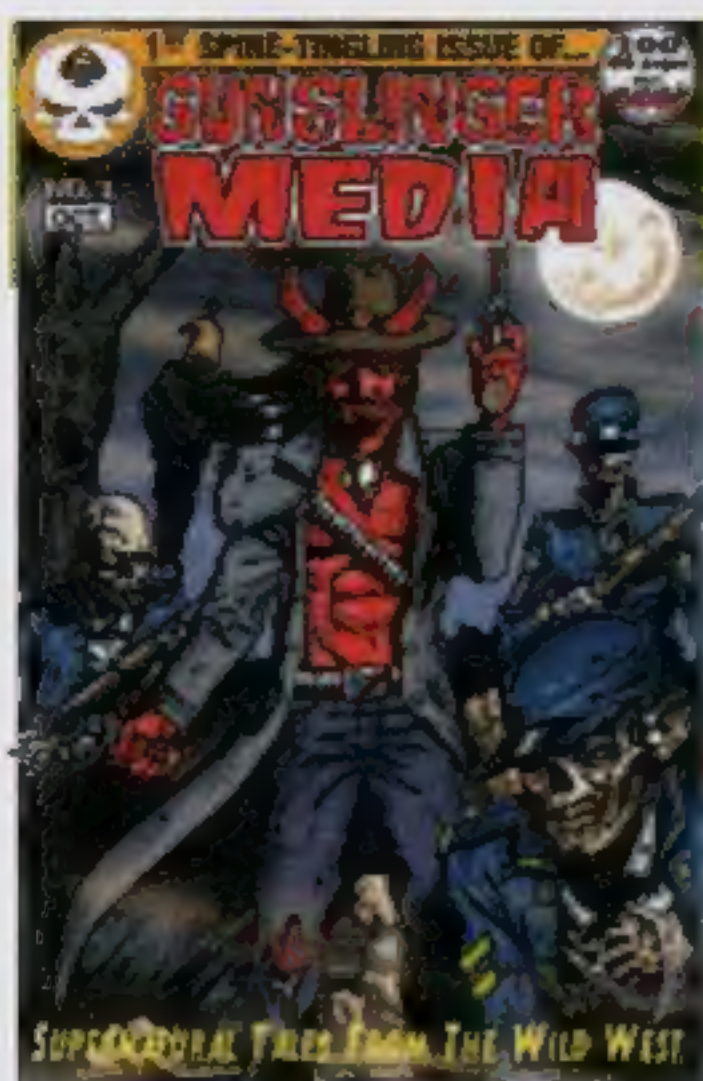
But the only thing that will make this corpse run is YOU, our devoted corpse fans. Thank you all for believing in us and supporting us. We would die without you. But we need your subscriptions, so keep reading and buying this magazine so that you too will become part of *Girls and Corpses* lore. Please tell all your friends, dead or alive, to sign up and buy this magazine. You wouldn't want this corpse to die!

So, catch the new grave in comedy — and stroll with us through the iron gates of purgatory.

Death is only the beginning. *Girls and Corpses Magazine* will soon be on the newsstand of a Corpse-Mart near you.

And remember our motto... "So many corpses... so little time."

RIP,
Corpsy



Letter from The Co-Publisher

By Stephan Miller, Gunslinger Media

Don't worry, folks. You won't be seeing one of these letters from me in future issues of *Girls and Corpses* magazine, but I just had to let it all spill out for our premiere issue.

I met Robert Rhine a few years back at a horror con. I was actually one of the first to really "get" what Robert was trying to pull off.

Being involved in sports publishing with magazine publishers for so many years really gave me the balls to go up to Robert and say, "I want to make this into a real magazine"

Robert said, "No, I don't think so, but hey, I have a copy of "Satan's 3 Ring Circus," you interested?" Sure, I said. I bought it and went on my way with this feeling in my stomach that this wasn't the end of my vision.

A year later I saw Robert at yet another horror con, and he actually remembered me, as did Kevin Klemm, but neither remembered my name (pricks). We got back to talking about the possibility of making this a tangible magazine.

I had to be at a company con in Vegas the very next day where my partner Anessa Dobberstein was waiting for me. I was ranting and raving "Girls and Corpses." "Girls and Corpses Magazine, we have to publish this!" She was like, "You have a screw loose," and I said no, trust me on

this one, please. After doing her research, and understanding my vision, she agreed there really was something strong here.

Weeks went by, months went by, and Robert and I finally met up for a lunch, then two, then three, then we got into bed

together (no not sex). Damn, we work well together. I knew after we saw *Borat* together that this thing would work out.

Our first job, the 2007 Girls and Corpses Calendar, we worked our asses off on that one, all night every night for weeks. The result has been fantastic, and EVERYONE that has one can't say enough about it. Don't forget to order yours!

After the success of the calendar, we knew we were going to do this magazine, and Robert and I both agreed there is no one better for our premiere issue cover than Sheri Moon Zombie. Sheri was a total professional, and really a hell of a nice person. A big thanks to Sheri! And her husband Rob was a great sport letting us create a Rob Zombie corpse that Kevin Klemm knocked out of the park, as you will see later in this issue.

Finally a really big thanks to Robert Steven Rhine. To me the man is a genius, a rock-star, and a helluva nice guy all wrapped into one. It is more than an honor to be collaborating with him.

Enjoy this premiere issue!

— Stephan Miller
Co-Publisher/Managing
Deaditor
Girls and Corpses
Magazine



A year later I saw Robert at yet another horror con, and he actually remembered me, as did Kevin Klemm, but neither remembered my name (pricks). We got back to talking about the possibility of making this a tangible magazine.



Death, Taxes and Masturbation

“What if I told you that you had one day to live? And it was yesterday?”

Why does a rose turn brown? Why did my dad cease to exist? Why did my cat get run over? Why do things die?

Why must I?

Who made up death anyway? It stinks!

It couldn't have been someone who enjoys life. I don't think the Grim Reaper is a very happy person. Why isn't he on Lexapro like everyone else? Look at him, all dressed up in depressing black, in summer, lugging around that heavy sickle. His back must be killing him. No wonder he's offing everyone.

But maybe we need Death. Maybe if we didn't have a time limit we would just sit around watching football for eternity. Or not try to “make something of ourselves” if there was no urgency to achieve. So, stress and death walk hand in hand? True, stress kills, so maybe there is something to that? Death pushes you to achieve, so you'll have a heart attack from all the stress and die. Sounds like one hell of a lay-away plan.

If Death's such a great motivator, why won't he give ‘extra credit’ to those who are more motivated, rather than those with a Bud Light in their hand watching reruns of Seinfeld at 2:33 a.m.?

If I'm going to die from all the stress of working, why work at all? Why not just light a fat doobie and sing “Don't Worry, Be Happy” on the beach all day long? Sounds like a plan to me — and you might even live longer than the type ‘A’ assholes running around suing the world.

Then again, there are plenty of people who stay out of the fast lane and die: Take surfers — eaten by sharks; beer drinkers — car accidents; world travelers — plane crashes. See... relaxation kills too, just about as much as stress. It makes me stressed just thinking about it, and that's the problem. Death is always there, lurking, waiting for you to clutch your heart.

The clock is always ticking towards Death. Maybe Death needs to take a vacation?

So then, what do we do? Just wait to take the dirt nap? Is it better to keep on the move so Death will have to chase us?

It doesn't matter to Death, who can pull your number in the middle of a bike ride or on the ninth hole.

It's a national pastime — waiting to die. Everybody's doing it. But who really wants to sit around waiting to checkout? It's the only thing we can agree on everywhere. A United Nations of Death.

Most of us like to not dwell on such nastiness, and we sweep Death from our minds, like a dust pan full of cremains, as we whistle to ourselves and keep busy doing God knows what. Shopping, meetings, masturbating, friends, watching TV, standing in lines at the post office and the bank and the rides at Disneyworld. All which won't postpone the inevitable final exit — although, come to think of it, I've never heard of anyone dying from masturbating. Though I am sure there would be many candidates.

Suicide by masturbation. Yes, there are those who “get off” choking themselves, called ‘auto-erotic asphyxiation.’ When I first heard of it I thought it was death caused by making love to your car — a logical conclusion living in L.A. However, I henceforth learned that it is the unfortunate and occasionally fatal result of pleasuring yourself while hanging at the end of an Armani tie.

At least Death has an ironic sense of humor, which is why *Girls and Corpses* magazine seems to work on some strange level of consciousness. If life and death go hand in hand, shouldn't humor and horror?

Life and death are such strange bedfellows. If we didn't die, life wouldn't carry such great value and meaning. And, if we don't really live, our deaths become meaningless as we expire in obscurity and loneliness.

So, what do we do? We try and cheat death. Take adventure seekers. They try to cheat it by getting really close to Death and surviving... hence being reborn with every brush with Death. They say that they're not really living if they don't feel death breathing down their necks. That is until their parachute doesn't open or the rope breaks — and then they wish they were home watching Seinfeld reruns.

But is it better to just sit on the porch staring into space, plucking a banjo with your rotting teeth and watching wheat grow than it is to snowboard down Mount Everest? The end results are the same. Two stiffs lying side by side in cold storage.

No path cheats Death. All roads lead to the cemetery. Life is just a maze — with one way out.

How about making money? Do we delay death by acquiring stuff? Large bank accounts, yachts and skyscrapers? Nope. Do we cheat death by working at a nine to five job for minimum wage? Nope. Do we cheat death by reclining on the street, homeless? Well, perhaps. Some of our finest prophets are homeless. They have accepted their fate, their lot in life. They know death is right around the corner, so they said “Fuck it.” I mean who wouldn't?

What's the purpose of working your entire life and then be gone in a soul puff? Makes you want to lie down on the sidewalk and wait to be beamed up by Scotty. Then again, the homeless are beat up and robbed and stabbed and have huge sores and calloused feet. Wouldn't you rather be in the Presidential suite at the Mirage in Vegas with a threesome of barely legal playmates when you cash in you chips?

That's my plan. But I digress.

We honor our celebrities, our Noble Peace Prize winners, our presidents. Do their accomplishments make them immortal? Naw, they all croak. Does a statue or building dedicated to them really help them cheat death? Nope, they kiss the dust bunnies. There are even pyramids dedicated to famous dead pharaohs that will all turn to dust someday. So the famous have an hourglass dropping sand on their inflated immortality too — just as sure as the unknown soldier.

Being a humanitarian, pope or saint won't save your ass either. Ghandi, Mother Teresa and Bob Hope all had an expiration date. Even Jesus died — for our sins mind you — but that didn't give him a hall pass.

Being evil and ‘making a deal with the devil’ also isn't a contract with an ‘out’ clause. Ted Bundy, Vlad The Impaler, Jeffrey Dahmer are all roasting in a tanning booth in hell.

As you're reading this, people all around are dropping like flies. Bodies are piling up faster than we can burn them. You might even croak before you finish reading this. The odds are 1 in 3,567,894. But it could happen. But then, you'd never know how the story ends, would you? It's just like life. When you die, you never get to know... “the rest of the story.” What happens to your wife? Does she remarry your best friend? Or your kids — do they lead happy, successful, stress-filled lives? Will they become a president or a stripper, a nun or a serial killer?

Neither matters to the non-discriminating Mr. Death. And what of the world? Will it all end in a cataclysmic explosion a week after you die? Will a cure for death be found the morning after they find you staring at your ceiling fan?

It's all so sad really. And I just won't stand for it! I refuse to die. Ever! I'm making a stand right here, right now. You hear that Death! Don't come a knockin' ‘cause I ain't answerin'. Yep, I'm going to fly under the radar. Not too rich, not too poor, not too good, not too bad, not too famous, not too insignificant. Do you think death will notice me? Probably not, since that describes about ninety percent of our world. Doesn't Death ever get overworked and simply forget someone? Doesn't Death ever take a holiday?

How about those old folks past 100 years old? Are they taking better vitamins, or have they found a way to cheat death? Though Death seems to finally check in on everyone, some are just lower on his ‘to do’ list.

Let's compare success to failure to see if there's any link. Not too many pop stars over 100 (though the Rolling Stones are debatable). It could be the fame or drugs.

Or is it because they were too public to hide from Death?

Now, let's take the dregs of society, the homeless, the imprisoned, the scattered and the shattered. They too brought too much attention to themselves, being arrested, going to court and throwing up on the sidewalk. But Death didn't miss them either.

I just wish Death would lighten up. Stop taking his job so seriously. Smile once in awhile. Turn that frown upside down. Enjoy life — not death. Take a walk in the park without knocking off that lady walking her poodle. Put down your sickle and get a popsicle. Go to the beach without causing a tsumani. Take a roller coaster ride that stays on the tracks. You can be more than just ‘Death.’ Expand your horizons. Change your wardrobe. Black is out this season, except in New York. Get a massage. Go to Club Med. Play the slots in Vegas. Just don't kill anyone.

People are naturally always going to be afraid of Death. Who wouldn't? He ruins the greatest party of all time — life. And that's the way Death likes it. Death is the ultimate party pooper.

But what of the people who aren't afraid of Death? Maybe that's the way to cheat death, by making friends with him? Maybe he's just misunderstood and needs to be listened to? So, how do you make friends with the Grim Reaper? Where does he like to hang out? His favorite haunts? Graveyards? Hospitals? Death Metal concerts? The morgue? But being friends with death won't get you a get out of grave free card. Morticians, Goths, coroners, metalheads and grave-diggers all wind up in body bags one day too. So, believe me, Death's one friend whose phone call you don't want to return.

If we had one example of someone who never died, we could bottle their formula, rinse and repeat. But I suspect someday, in the not too distant future, Death will die too. And we will come up with a way to live forever through genetics or something as yet undiscovered. But is this really a good thing?

Do we really want to pay taxes forever?

RIP,

The Grin Creeper

Robert Steven Rhine

Deaditor-In-Chief



CONCEPT BY R.S. RHINE

ART BY DM. FRYDENALL

PHOTO © LON BIXBY



Welcome

to the Girls and Corpses Mansion



Welcome to the Girls and Corpses Mansion where the hottest models and the coldest corpses carouse and arouse. So, slip your bony toe into the deep end.

The water's cold — come on in.

— Phew Hefner

Last one in the pool is a rotten corpse!

You don't have to be rich to be invited to the Girls and Corpses Mansion but you do have to be dead . . . at least if you're a guy.



What happens in the grotto . . . dies in the grotto.

Molly, Jennifer, Ana, Amanda and Chanel party with our celebrity corpses, Phew Hefner, Pine Saul, Anita Stiffy, and Dr. Necco Feelqa



Row . . . row . . . row your corpse . . .



Marco...! Polo...!



Molly's favorite colors are brown and green.



Chanel can feel his funny bone.

Jennifer likes a quiet man.

Feel Alive Again!

WHOA! THAT AIN'T RIGOR MORTIS!!



Known side effects: May cause life.
Consult with your mortician before use.

From the minds of R.S. Rhine and D.W. Frydendall

photo © Lon Bixby

LETTERS TO THE DEADITOR

From Christ The Light Cathedral:

"You are completely sick. I hope you and your corpses rot in hell."

Signed, a parent with a daughter who will never read crap like yours.

Dear parent with a daughter who will never read crap like ours:

So why are you reading crap like ours and with your daughter... and in church for Christ's sake?! And you think we're sick?! Say eight thousand Hail Marys and please pray for my soul...and your daughter's. P.S. might we interest you in a subscription?

"OK, dude, Let's get one thing straight. I don't know if this is a joke or you really are twisted... But one thing is CERTAIN. You are my new hero! I laughed my ass looking through your magazine, man. Maybe not your aim but hey, geniuses are always misunderstood in their own time right? I loved the headlines of the articles, "How to keep her hot long after she's gone cold." Man, best mix of pun and satire EVER! "

Everyone's got to have a hero. We're proud to be yours.

"Hey are those corpses real? If so, how is that legal?"

All corpses are 18 years of age or older. We get them to sign a release.

"My son came to your site... He didn't know how to handle what he was seeing. His fragile 11-year-old mind is completely warped now and he will need therapy. He also threw up over our \$100 dollar wireless keyboard. Who do I talk to about lawsuits, insurance, and payment? Let's try and settle this matter painlessly."

Your extortion money is in a green bag on the middle lane of the 405 Freeway. There is nothing more extreme on Girls and Corpses than CSI, or much of network television. We feature no nudity (though I imagine if you check what else your son is looking at on the internet you'll come up with bestiality bondage). Anyhow, sorry about your dip-shit son. Apparently, the crapple doesn't fall far from the tree. Have you tried shock therapy? It helped me.

"You people ARE FUCKED IN THE HEAD stupid son of a bitch!"

Of corpse we're fucked in the head. You didn't need to tell US that. We pride ourselves on not being "normal." To us being normal is fucked in the head.

"This is really good idea because it shows the contrast of life and death plus you get a beautiful women too. It is very good humor because death is not a funny thing yet G&C gives you something to poke fun at when dealing with

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:

**G&C MAGAZINE ATTN:
Letters to the Deaditor
11333 Moorpark Street
#192 Studio City CA 91602**

death."

Bingo! You actually get it Thank you for proving that there is intelligent life on planet earth! You can't believe some of the loons that send us letters.

"I love the idea of your magazine. I have modeling experience and a portfolio. What do you look for? Where would I send the photos?"

Just send one photo of you 72 dpi jpgs to info@girlsandcorpses.com It's not necessary to send naked pics... just appreciated.

"Are those real corpses? And if they are, is it legal to use them? I'm not judging I'm just curi-

"OK dude, Let's get one thing straight, I don't know if this is a joke or you really are twisted...But one thing is CERTAIN. You are my new hero! I laughed my ass looking through your magazine man..."

ous, because I've heard of sex with dead people before, but I figured it was pretty much illegal."

Yes, sex with dead people is illegal, at least in California — thanks to Gov. Arnold. But our models are not photographed nude, nor are they depicted having sex with corpses. What the girls do with our corpse models after the shoot is their business. It's perfectly legal to have dinner and a movie with a corpse—you just can't smoke.

"Wow, very interesting magazine. Never would have thought to put hot girls and corpses together. Where did you get this idea?"

We'd tell you but we'd have to kill you. The good news is you could then be in our magazine. Our Attorney, Angel Death, will be sending you a contract to sign.

"I just wanted to tell you people that this is the best idea in a long time for a magazine! I'm writing you from Finland and I'm a huge Zombie movie fan. When my friend posted me

the cover of the magazine I thought that it was his Photoshop work being a heavy-metalist. (I'm sorry if I have lot of writing mistakes. But this is not my mothers tongue.)"

I know. We have your mother's tongue.

"This is the greatest website ever! The scene seemed to be stagnating recently, but you've really brought some fresh meat to the grinder! My wife and I find this stuff such a turn on. Sometimes she pretends to be dead, sometimes I do and sometimes we pretend we're both dead. It's truly a sight to behold. Anyway, thanks for the pictures of dead bodies, they really brighten up my day."

Love, a middle-aged corpse lover.

And we thought husbands didn't want their wives just to lie there. Go figure.

"The world has gone insane!"

Did you just figure that out?

"Hey, your guy's stuff is awesome! That's weird I have never seen your mag before. Do you use real corpses or fake ones? Dumb, I know, but I was wondering..."

Do they look real? They sure smell real.

"This may possibly be the greatest idea in the history of everything... definitely the best coupling of two entirely different ideas ever!"

Thanks! We aim to sleaze.

"Life was meaningless until I found Girls and Corpses!!!"

We know how you feel.

Girls and Corpses has to be the coolest zine I've ever seen. Fucking genius, I tell you! GENIUS! Kudos on the EXCELLENT interview with the hottest girl who rolls with corpses, Sheri Moon Zombie. Girls and Corpses ROCKS!!!

We were very lucky to get Sheri, who shares our dark humor and was a dream to work with in the cemetery. Rob dropped by the shoot to watch. We had a blast.

"Holy crap have I found a subculture.. that cover is so nice.. I can't wait to read the magazine while I am on the throne."

Remember to flush twice. It's a long way to our editorial office.

"Just wanted to say that I really enjoyed your website! Who would have ever thought that hot chicks and corpses would be such a great combination?!"

Apparently... we did.

Steveo (not his real name) has worked in body removals, as an embalmer, autopsies and forensics for twenty years. He is still working today as an embalmer for a major cemetery and mortuary. He has worked in several states on thousands of corpses. What secrets did they tell him?

Girls & Corpses: Tell me, Steveo, how did you become an embalmer?

Steveo: Years ago I had a friend that was in the business. One day there was an opening where he worked, and I was hired right there on the spot. There was an internship program to learn what was going on, so I signed up for an internship.

G&C: Now, when you say you were interested in death, what does that mean exactly?

Steveo: Well, I was always into the macabre stuff and the dark side of life. That's the intriguing part of getting myself into this business because I had no idea what was going on behind closed doors. So I was always curious. I heard horror stories but all that came from movies. My interest was peaked, and when that time came I just jumped at the chance. Now I know what it's all about.

G & C: What intrigues you about death?

Steveo: As a kid I attended my grandfather's funeral. I just remember him laying in the casket and two weeks prior to that he was in the rocking chair, a live being, reading and speaking, and now I look at him and he's in this casket and stiff as a board. It was like, 'How did he get from point A to point B and where is he now?' Where is the spirit? Is there a soul? I mean, what actually happens to the body when it's underground? As a kid, I had no idea. I'm sure I heard stories like, you know, like the worms get him,

and he goes back into the earth...but I wanted to get more in depth into it. And I was always intrigued about death in general. It's fascinating what happens to the human body when it decomposes.

G&C: We're going to get to that, Steveo, believe me. But first, what did you do before you were an embalmer? I mean, what age did you start working in embalming?

Steveo: I started when I was about 25.

G&C: That's pretty young to be dealing with all that death. So what kind of job did you do before that?

Steveo: I had been a musician — and I still tour in bands. I've toured all over the country. I also went to school for graphic design. I have a bachelor's in art. My three loves are music, art ...and death.

G&C: So, now let's get into the actual embalming process. What is an embalmer? Give me your typical day at the funeral home?

Steveo: It typically starts off with checking the roster to see who's in the refrigerator. I'll see who needs to be prepped/embalmed for that day. I just go down the list. Mr Smith has a service at 3:00, for example, on that day. Well, he's the first one I'm going to work on. I'll be embalming, I'll be constructing, cosmetizing, putting him in his casket. The funeral personnel will then come in and take him away to the service.

G&C: When you say on the roster, you mean there's like a refrigerator, like a meat locker where all the bodies are stored?

Steveo: Correct. It's like a walk-in refrigerator and we have like about eight shelves and we stack them on the shelves.

THE ENGAGING EMBALMER

Interview by R.S. Rhine



G&C: Not on top of each other, right?
Steveo: (laughs) No, no... on individual shelves.

G&C: These are nude bodies or covered?

Steveo: They're covered. They're usually in sheets or body pouches, depending on where they came from. For instance, if they come from the coroner they'll be in plastic pouches. The coroner likes to wrap them up that way. If they come from rest homes or the hospital, they could either come in a bed sheet or a body pouch.

G&C: Men and women? There's not a ladies' room and a men's room? I guess no one's going to be embarrassed or shy about being in that situation.

Steveo: (laughs)

G&C: Do you need to wear a jacket in the refrigerator?

Steveo: I'm used to it, but yeah, it's anywhere from 35 to 45 degrees. Sometimes you're in there for a certain amount of time and if you're not used to it yeah you'd put a light jacket on. But like I said, that doesn't bother me. I don't even think about it.

G&C: Are the eyes usually closed or open on these bodies?

Steveo: It varies. I would say probably 50/50. When a person passes, they have their eyes open and their mouth open...it's really not a pretty sight.

G&C: I guess if you're going to die, you would want to take one last look at life. It's just interesting. Their mouths being open is probably from taking their last breath.

Steveo: Right. They're just striving for that last breath. They're just taking it with their lungs, however they can take it, I imag-

ine. One day you and I will know that.

G&C: Speak for yourself. So, are they looking heavenward?

Steveo: Yeah, like the top of their head. Everyone is like that. I find that strange.

G&C: Tell us about your own brush with death.

Steveo: When I was younger, I was in a car accident and I flatlined. A priest came in and did the ritual, the doctor said I wasn't going to make it. It was amazing that I survived.

G&C: I also had a brush with death and I had a major head injury when I was about ten. I had 64 stitches in my head and I was almost killed. I think our mutual interest in death is probably because we've been close to it. It's funny because *Girls and Corpses* is a comedy magazine but actually helps people deal with death.

Steveo: Whatever makes one comfortable with death. By all means, if it's in a comedy magazine then go for that. I, for one, as I said, I'm fascinated with death. Ever since I've been in this business, I don't take anything for granted. At least I try not to. Because we only have one life and we don't know, death may be the second level to life. We just don't know that. So, I want to live it as much as I can live it and not take it or anyone for granted as much as possible.

G&C: Do you feel that being an embalmer affects your personality? Are you a "happy" person?

Steveo: I'm a very happy go-lucky guy. I love life. I praise every day that I wake up. When I'm working on a case, I always look at the person, especially if the person is much younger than myself, and think, "Why did he go and I didn't?" I should have left this earth first long ago when I was a teenag-



Photos by B. S. Rhine courtesy of 1-800-autopsy.



er but I didn't. There's some kind of plan there, there has to be.

G&C: Is that harder for you to deal with younger deaths /bodies coming in?

Steveo: No, not so much harder...it's just a pity that they didn't have a chance to live life. You know why didn't they have that chance and why did I or why did anyone else. Why someone has lived to be 90 years old as opposed to somebody that's 5. It's sad when you view it that way but in another way you're like well there's a plan for this person and I guess that person was meant to be here for a very short time to experience life here on earth and that's it. They go on, hopefully, as they say, to a better life.

G&C: When people come in...um what do you call them -- bodies, stiffs?

Steveo: I refer to them as a "case."

G&C: So, you get cases who've been shot, who've been run over, who've been strangled? Do you get murder cases?

Steveo: Quite a bit. I've had cases from suicides to murder to strangulation, decapitation, drug overdose. They've run the whole gamut.

G&C: How do you embalm a decapitation? Um, do they arrive in two body bags, by the way?

Steveo: Uh no, they'll be in the same bag. They'll be in the same body pouch. In fact, a few years back, at the time I was doing removals, I was going onto the scene of the crime and picking up the bodies. We call it a "removal." I was basically doing what the coroner does. One day, I had a call and had to pick up this one case lying near the railroad tracks — decapitated. A person laid down on the tracks, waited for the train to come by and off with his head. So, I had to locate his head, which was thrown in the bushes. When I did, I picked it up and put back in the bag.

G&C: Did you grab it by the hair?

Steveo: No, that would be disrespectful.

G&C: So there is a certain amount of respect you have for these bodies?

Steveo: Oh, definitely. I look at them and see your loved ones. I wouldn't want to mistreat anyone, because it could just be my loved one. This person was, or is, a human being, just no longer alive. So therefore I'm sickened every time I hear stories abuse at the funeral homes...

G&C: Yeah, there's the old joke about funeral homes, you know, about messing with body parts and that kind of thing. You've never experienced that or seen that?

Steveo: Oh, I've never seen it, but I've heard many stories about it within the industry. It's just appalling. How could somebody treat another person that way? That's just disrespectful. You want to go to that person and ask, "How could you be in the business and do that? You should be locked up."

G&C: It's a hard thing to conceive of necrophilia but I then you think, here's a mortician and they're bringing in these dead females all night and you wonder if... well.. you know..

Steveo: Oh yeah. A few years back I heard of this one mortician back in Arizona, there were rumors that he was going into the funeral home late at night and having his way with the girls that were there. Every time there was a case of a young girl, the running joke was that, "Oh, I'll bet you 'Mr. Smith' will be in tonight."

G&C: I must ask: Do you get dead models and even celebrities as cases?

Steveo: Oh yes. I have worked on... (Editor note: we have edited out the celebrities names here).

G&C: But those are older, more established stars. I'm talking about the younger

ones, God forbid, some young starlet comes in...

Steveo: Yeah, I've had young thin women come in such as (name edited out) and I had to reinsert her breast implants. You know, try to make them kind of perky. The way they were, I have to form them that way.

G&C: So you do the cosmetology aspect as well?

Steveo: Yes, everything.

G&C: So if someone is hit in the head by a sledgehammer, then you've got to recreate their head?

Steveo: Correct, I can reconstruct them. In fact, that's what I actually specialize in is doing reconstruction.

G&C: So, what do you do when someone's head gets crushed? You have to go in with what Styrofoam or Gorilla glue? How do you rebuild their head?

Steveo: It's much like a puzzle. You gather all the pieces of the cranium together and you use glue, clamps (called cranium clamps) and you suture together as much as you can. Sometimes, I insert cotton into the actual cranium. There's several ways to go about it when dealing with an actual head. You can either use paper and bundle it up, use wax and try to make a form-fitting cranium, and then you put the skull back together and you start sewing it up.

G&C: Is this for bodies that are being viewed for open casket or is this for anybody? If you're going to have a closed casket, do you do the same thing?

Steveo: If the family requests, yes. It all depends on the family. Many times I've been asked this question: Do we bring shoes and do we bring, uh what type of underwear? That is the decision of the family, ultimately. I mean they can bring it, whatever. The body can be laid out naked if the family wishes. That's their loved one and that's their wish. So that part is up to the family, if they want the person reconstructed but yet they still want a closed casket, that's their wish and they get that.

G&C: Do you ever think to yourself, as you're sitting there dressing that person, that it's a bit 'strange' what you are doing? Especially, if you're working alone. Or, you don't have those feelings?

Steveo: I've been asked this many times because I prefer working alone. I guess because I've been doing this for so long it does not affect me whatsoever. I'll just go in — turn on the radio — or I'll just listen to my CDs and I'll just start working without giving it a second thought. It's much like a mechanic going into a car shop and working on a car, pretty much the same analogy.

G&C: It's an interesting metaphor that you were close to death when you had your accident as a kid and you're comfortable



being close to death in your job. It's almost like you kind of crossed over to the other side and you're not affected as much as other people.

Steveo: Exactly—there's a connection there somewhere. Sometimes I'd rather be with dead bodies around me as opposed to live people. [laughter]

G&C: I think a lot of us feel that way. So are you single or are you married?

Steveo: No, I'm single.

G&C: Ok, so this leads us to the next subject. How many dates do you have before you tell the girl you're an embalmer?

Steveo: It's funny you should ask because I've had dates in the past few years. They've been in the same business so it hasn't been a problem.

G&C: I'm just wondering if your dates find it offensive that you've been touching dead bodies all day. Obviously you wear gloves

Steveo: Oh yes, I'm totally gowned up. It depends. If I'm doing an autopsy, I'm gowned up. If I'm just dressing the body, I'll just probably have an apron on.

G&C: So you also do full autopsies? You weigh organs and all this kind of thing?

Steveo: The coroner does the weighing but I do what's called a post-autopsy. After the coroner weighs, they cut open into the viscera and put it all back together as best they can and I get the remainder and I'll start working on putting it back together.

G&C: So what kind of study and degree do you have to do to become an embalmer?

Steveo: I'm a licensed embalmer. I went two years to mortuary science school. I was going to go to the four-year college and get my bachelor's in mortuary science but I had enough to go with my bachelor's in art so I just took a two-year route. I could easily go into forensics or coroner if I chose to. I could take this further because of my education and my experience.

G&C: Does anything freak you out anymore? I mean you've said you've seen murders; you've seen probably people in horrible circumstances that have been mangled.

Steveo: There is one funny story

G&C: Oh do tell.

Steveo: A while back we had a call to pick up this gentleman that passed away at home. So, we get the van and go to this house and the police are all outside. I walk up with our gurney. One of them is kind of like chuckling. "What's so funny?" I thought to myself. The other officer just points in the direction of the body inside — so as we walk into the living room I heard moaning and groaning going on. I said, "Wow, that sounds like a porno film." So I walked into the actual living room and sure enough it was a



stag film, a gay stag film at that. And here was this 89-year-old man. He had passed away with a heart attack and he was on his rocking chair wearing...he was in drag basically. He was wearing high heels. On one hand he was clutching his remote and the other he was clutching a big giant dildo. He was painted up and dressed to the nines. That was quite a sight to see actually.

G&C: Did you bury him as a man or a woman?

Steveo: As a man. Actually, he was cremated.

G&C: What are some of the other crazy stories you recall in terms of the bodies that have come in?

Steveo: One Friday morning I walked in and again we had a call, there was an industrial accident. We had to go to this industrial plant where they crushed metal containers. So we go there and, uh, I remember vividly it was a Friday morning because it was payday for that company. Why I remember that is because the person we picked up had his pay stub in his pocket. This person he was crushed in a conveyor belt. His body was pretty much like jelly when we dragged him out.

G&C: The bones were all crushed?

Steveo: They were all crushed, his head was smashed. I mean his head literally looked like a pizza, his eyes were bulging out and everything was bloody. The only thing that was not bloody was his check. That was kind of weird.

G&C: How about humorous things that happened in the embalming room? I know there's stories of bodies sitting up and crazy sounds. Have you experienced any of that?

Steveo: Yeah, I have in fact. But as far as I want to get to the bodies sitting up part, that's just a big myth. That does not happen at all. I get a kick out of what people think. "I heard this body got up." Impossible. One day I was working, again by myself. It was about 12:30 Saturday night. I was wrapping up my cases. I had numerous cases that day and was getting ready to do my report. At this particular funeral home we would always play jokes on each other, all the embalmers. We had about five embalmers on staff and we would always joke around with each other during the day. But it just so happens this day I was by myself. I was wrapping up and all of a sudden I heard a knock at the door. I thought who would that be. I thought it was one of my co-workers who had forgotten something. I go to the door and there's nobody there. I go back, I finish my report, and I heard this knock again. The knock was coming from the cooler door, which was right behind me. I thought "Nah, I'm just tired," so I shrugged it off as whatever. I shrugged it off pretty much. So washing up, putting on my coat, and all of a sudden I heard this knock again at the cooler door. I said, "Nah." I even vocalized "No way, no way". So I take a walk to the cooler door and I open it. And, uh, there's bodies laid out but that's it. I turn on the light, step inside and close the door. I'm thinking ok, it's not coming from this side, it's a small building. So

I'm standing there in the middle of the cooler at 12:30 at night with probably about 50 bodies in there with me and I hear nothing. I say ok, I'm going home. So, I open the door, then I close it with one shove. (unintelligible) I'm opening the door going to the parking lot. I hear the knock again coming from the same very door and I say, well, wherever you are, good night. I close the door and I have no idea what that noise was. There was nobody in the parking lot, nobody around, and I set the alarm so I don't know where it came from.

G&C: Creepy shit. Do you believe that there's some sort of beyond, that there's strange things that can communicate with you? Or do you think that's just ridiculous?

Steveo: Oh no, I do, I do. Because I'm not the only one that experiences things like that. A funeral director I know said he was going home one night and turned off all the lights. As he was backing up his car, all of a sudden, he saw the lights go back on. So, he thought maybe the automatic lights went back on so he goes back in the funeral home. The light switches are all turned to off as they should be and the lights are still on. He flicked them off and on and they'd go off and he'd walk back out, get in the car and they go on again.

G&C: Yikes. I think you should get into another line of work.

Steveo: Yeah. So I've always thought that there was something there that when I'm alone, I'm not really alone.

G&C: Really? You feel that? You feel there's a presence there when you're with a body?

Steveo: At times I do. Not always but at times.

G&C: What is it like? Like someone looking over your shoulder?

Steveo: Yeah, like if somebody... like you've seen movies where a ghost or whatnot is walking around a person, I kind of sense that. Maybe not so much walking ghosts but I sense some kind of presence there. It mainly happens with younger people when I get that feeling, and I don't know if there's any correlation.

G&C: That's interesting. Are there a lot of strange smells and things? I mean that either you take home with you on your clothes and body?

Steveo: Quite a bit. A decomp, which is a decomposed body. We had one about a month ago and that smell...you never forget that smell. When you initially smell it, you'll never forget it. For one, it will stay on your clothes. The worse the decomp is, the worse the smell and the longer it takes for it to evaporate from your clothing. It also gets in your nasal hair. One night I was sitting down eating a steak dinner all of a sudden I got this whiff of decomp that was one we had like two months prior. All of a sudden I was like that smells like Mr....

G&C: Brrff. Did that put you off?

Steveo: No. Again, I'm just so used to it that it doesn't even phase me. I don't know if that's a good thing or...it just does not phase me.

G&C: Look, we need people like you to do what you do with respect. I mean it's an important job.

Steveo: Very much so. Very much.

G&C: I was wondering if you ever had anyone you've had to work on like a high school buddy or someone you actually know?

Steveo: Uh, twice actually. First time one of my best friends. He unfortunately committed suicide. I was at work and his wife called me and told me that my friend committed suicide and she wanted me to take care of him. I said well I'd be honored. Another time was a walk in. I unwrap a bag and there's my neighbor who I knew was sick, who had been a diabetic for years though...I didn't know he was dying. But there he was, laid out on the table there for me to work on.

G&C: Did you work on him? You embalmed him?

Steveo: I embalmed him, I got him dressed, the whole nine yards. I put him in his casket.

G&C: Tell me more about the embalming process.

Steveo: There's your basic embalming: cutting the carotid artery just right above your collarbone. What you do there is just grab the main artery, make an incision, stick your tube in for your fluids, and as you turn on the fluids you grab the main artery vein, slice a cut there and insert the forceps which drains the blood. So as the fluid is going in, the blood is draining out. The more blood that you drain out, the better the embalming.

G&C: What do you pump into the body? Is that the embalming fluid?

Steveo: Yeah, the embalming fluid. There's like Perma Glow, which gives like good coloring to the skin. There's Triton, which also gives good coloring and also gives good texture to the skin. It depends on if you're looking for the body to set up real hard or the body will be like touching a person. Again it depends on the body itself. You can be the best embalmer, you can use the best equipment, you can use the best fluids... ultimately if the body's not going to react to the fluids, you're fighting an uphill battle.

G&C: What do you think was the worst body you've ever had to embalm?

Steveo: Of all the cases I've done, very easily hands down, I had a 655-pound decomposed body that was floating in the river for two weeks.

G&C: A floater, huh?

Steveo: Yeah, I'll never forget this guy. He

was huge. He didn't even fit on the table properly. When we were doing the autopsy it took two of us to embalm him. One torso flap is hanging off the other side of the table, and the other is hanging off the opposite side of the table almost to the floor. Then you have all the fluid that's leaking out and we're embalming this guy, he's green, he smells, he has maggots everywhere and they're running up my leg as I'm working on this guy. I'm itchy but I can't scratch because I have a full protective suit on with a full mask on and I look like a spaceman there and I can still smell this guy and he was a ship-out no less, so he had to be properly embalmed.

G&C: So you ship to other areas – like Federal Death-xpress?

Steveo: Right. This man was going to Chicago. It took the better part of a day to prep him. A post autopsy can take anywhere from two to three hours but this man took the better part of the day. It was a huge challenge. No pun intended.

G&C: Are maggots a part of your daily job?

Steveo: If it's a decomposed body, yes. They'll come out of the nostrils, they'll come out of the ears; they'll make themselves known.

G&C: You cut someone open and they just pour out?

Steveo: Oh no, again that's movie magic. But getting back to the 650-pounder, when we were working on him, the maggots were just pouring out of his nose, just slithering down his chin, mouth, his aorta...they were just coming out of everywhere. It was just something that you well ok just wipe it to the side and go on with your work and don't think anything about it.

G&C: I've heard about corpses blowing up from the methane. Is that true?

Steveo: Uh, well, this brings up another case I'll never forget. We had to pick up in the desert. The man was locked in his Volkswagen for three weeks. We walked up to this Volkswagen and the windows are smeared, they're like a brownish, yellowish kind of color. It's like fog, it seems like it's pretty well fogged in. So, we knew what we had because we could already smell this guy. So, I go to the other new guy I'm with and say, "Ok, I'll flip you for it." And what we were flipping for is the first one to open that door. The person who opens that door is going to get it bad. Because that body is just going to deteriorate and rapidly explode. Pieces are just going to pop out. So, unfortunately for him, he lost. He walks up to the door and he just opens it and I had told him what you want to do is you want to slowly open it. He just says, "No, I can't take the smell." So, this newbie, he just opens it quickly and that's the worst thing he could have done. When he did, everything just burst out. It was like a cartoon. Stuff got on his pants, I was at a distance but he got the worst of



Morgue courtesy of 1-800-autopsy.

it. And this guy he was pretty well, jelly. I mean he was coming out like...you recall the 1950's movie *The Blob* where all kinds of stuff just slithers out? That's how he was kind of slithering out of the front seat of his car. WE had to go and pick him all up and that was pretty bad.

G&C: He just died in his car?

Steveo: It was a suicide. He had shot himself and was found three weeks later.

G&C: So bodies actually can explode, or is it the methane that can be dangerous?

Steveo: Right. The gases in the body are pretty potent. That's actually what embalms your body, not so much the fluid. It's the gases on your body. Fluid just helps it, helps it maintain. Of course this person, being 105 degrees out in the desert, locked up in a tightly rolled-up Volkswagen, you know something is bound to give. And it gave. Quite a bit. You know looking back it was pretty funny, but at the time it was quite gross and sad.

G&C: Hey did you ever get a chance yet to look at *Girls and Corpses*? What do you think of the concept of beautiful girls being

photographed with dead bodies?

Steveo: It's cool. It's off the norm. I like things that are not in the norm. I hate trends. This is certainly not one.

G&C: The bodies we used for *Girls and Corpses* are pretty decayed, pretty far gone. Do you get a lot of those? Like exhumations and things like that or are you getting more fresh?

Steveo: Uh yeah. I like going to what's called an exhumation, where we exhume the body. When there's an exhumation case they'll call me and I'll go down to the grave and many times I'll have to dig the body out. The body is already embedded in the earth and I'll have to physically dig the body out bones and all and put them in a pouch and whatnot. Put them back together in the casket. Again it's like a puzzle. It's a challenge to me. I like putting them back together as best I can, back in their respective caskets.

G&C: Was *Humpty Dumpty* your favorite story growing up?

Steveo: [laughter] Should have been.

G&C: What's the biggest misconception that people have about what you do?

Steveo: That we steal from the dead.

G&C: Ah, interesting. You mean like people have rings and things on them still?

Steveo: Correct. Gold teeth, you know. That's ridiculous when you actually think about it...what is a gold tooth going to get you? To extract one of those it's really not that convenient. You actually damage the gold and usually it's not real gold anyway.

G&C: What's the best part of your job?

Steveo: The best part of my job is probably knowing that I had a hand in this person's last days on earth and I did my best to take care of them. It satisfies me personally that I helped the family with their grieving moment without actually touching the family.

G&C: I can't think of a better way to end this interview, Steveo. This is really great and you've been amazing so we really appreciate it.

RIP.

The Grin Creeper

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I BET IF YOU WERE DEAD YOU'D MAKE A FORTUNE...

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OH YEAH.

MAYBE YOU JUST HAVE TO ACCEPT THE FACT THAT THE REASON YOUR ARTWORK DOESN'T SELL IS THAT IT SUCKS.

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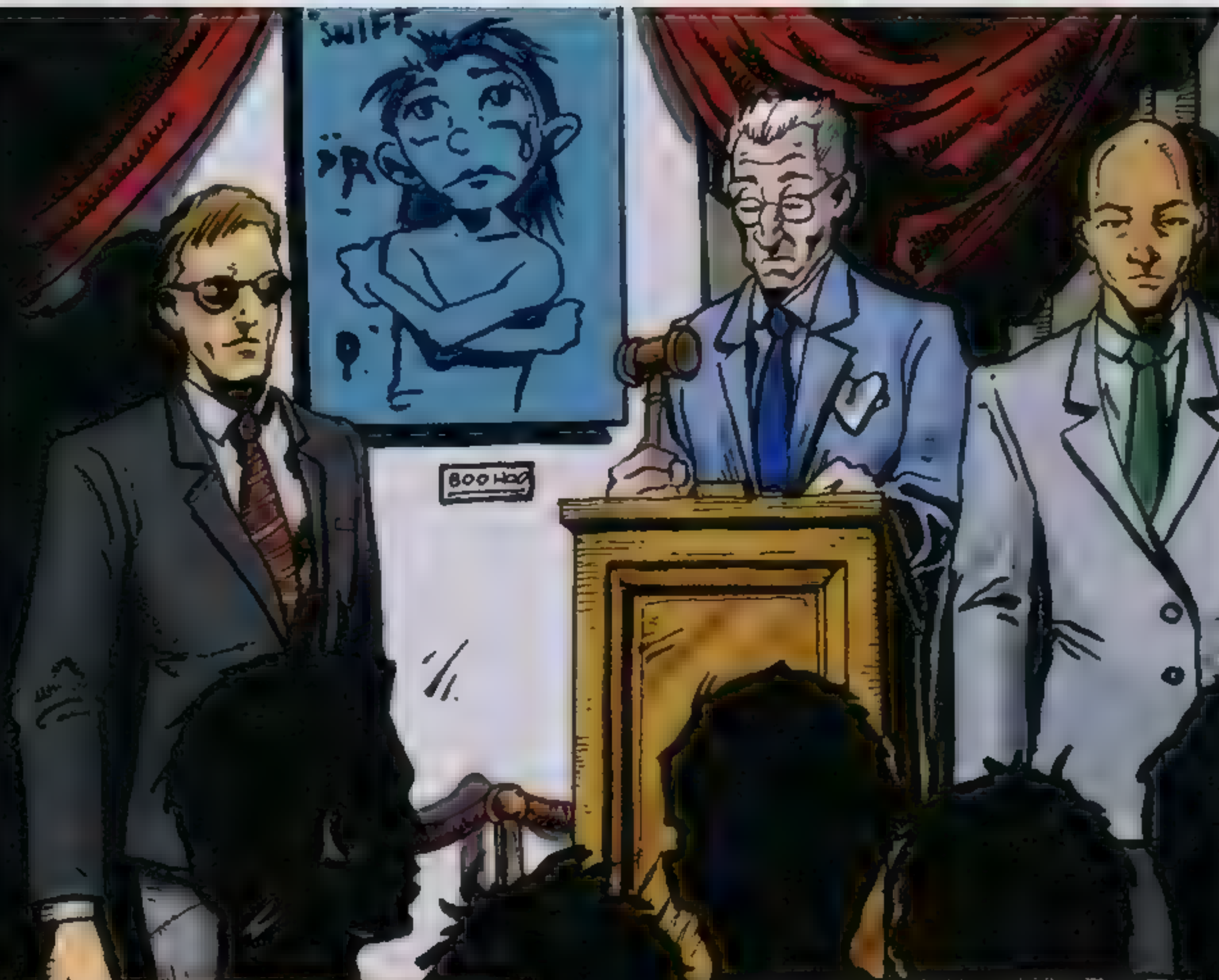
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The artist that painted the
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Saturday, is going to have
his remaining artwork
au



...I HAVE THREE HUNDRED
THOUSAND... DO I HEAR FOUR...
FOUR... THANK YOU... TO THE MAN
IN THE BACK... I HAVE FOUR...
DO I HEAR FIVE... FIVE... YES...
THANK YOU... FIVE HUNDRED
THOUSAND... ANYONE ELSE...
GOING ONCE... GOING TWICE...



SOLD FOR
FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND
DOLLARS!



HEH-HEH.
THAT DOPE
WAS RIGHT.

I'LL MAKE
MILLIONS WITH
THESE CRAP
PILES!



NO...
YOU WON'T...



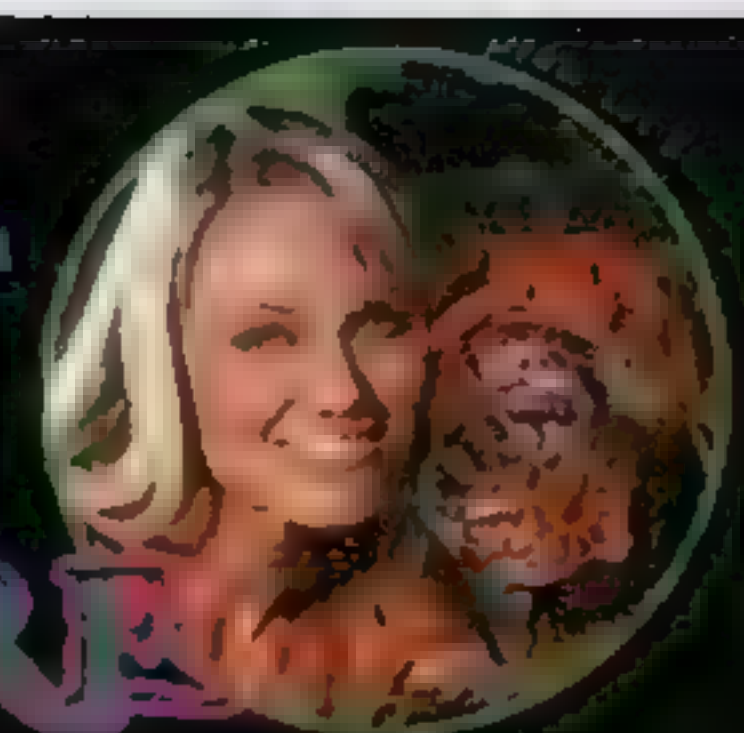
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"The Horrific Mr. Hatchet"

An Interview with Writer / Director Adam Green

By Staci Layne Wilson

A Dirty Dozen (12 Questions) with Adam Green:

G&C #1: They say clothes make the man, but in the case of your cutting horror flick *Hatchet*, clothes made the director. When you met Robert Englund at the Masters of Horror Season 1 launch party, I understand he admired the shirt you were wearing, and from there things snowballed? That seems too easy.

Adam Green: At the time, I think the producers of *Hatchet* had already approached Robert Englund's people to try and get him the script, but their response was not encouraging. Clearly a guy like Mr. Englund gets hundreds of genre scripts sent to him, and unfortunately,

not all of them are for films that are really getting made at that point. So reasonably, his people need to talk money first and then, if it's a "real" project, let Robert decide for himself. Although we were already funded at that point, for whatever reason, it didn't seem like he was going to get the script in the timely fashion that we needed him to.

So a few days later, I happened to be at the same party as Mr. Englund. (The Masters of Horror Season 1 kick-off party.) My friends kept saying, "There he is. Just go ask him about *Hatchet*!" But that's just not my style. Sometimes it makes me sick when I go to those

events and you see people scurrying around like maggots trying to network and push their stuff on everyone else. From my experience, if you're out there pimping your shit to strangers...you don't really have any shit going on. So I decided to leave Mr. Englund alone and wait for a time to meet him where it wouldn't be a "fan boy approaching a horror icon." I wanted him to see me in at least a slightly professional light.

But wouldn't you know it, about an hour later, he taps ME on the shoulder! "Hey, where'd you get that shirt?" Turns out, I was wearing a vintage Marilyn Manson shirt from the Mechanical Animals tour that simply said SUICIDE KING on the back. Mr. Englund's producing partner had made a film called *Suicide Kings* awhile back, and he wanted to know where he could get one.

Now, if it had been Kate Beckinsale or even Britney Spears (circa 2000) I would have just stripped it off right there and handed it over. But instead I just said, "They don't make them anymore. You had to be at the show." And that was that. My friends were all over me. "Why didn't you say something?!" But what was I gonna say? "Glad you like my T shirt, Mr. Englund...so I wrote this movie called *Hatchet*..." It's just not my style.

So that night I get on eBay and happen to find the same shirt, size Large, brand new, closing in 20 minutes for \$75. Now I am a concert shirt junkie. I have a collection that you wouldn't believe and every one of them is authentic and FROM THE SHOW. This was so rare that the "Suicide King" shirt would just so happen to be on there. So I bought it and sent it to Mr. Englund's agent. When I told him who I was, his agent said, "Well, shit! I was standing right there with Robert! Why didn't you say something then?" Sure enough, my script went to the top of the pile and got a chance to actually be read by Mr. Englund himself. A few weeks later, I'm standing on set yelling "action" to one of my heroes.

There's a lesson here. First of all, don't be a Hollywood douche. Play it cool and don't pester people with your stuff. I'm not saying don't get out there and don't work hard, but don't be "that guy" either. I guarantee you if I had played that any other way, I would have come off as annoying. And secondly, listen to Marilyn Manson. It does a movie good.

G&C #2: Like *Snakes on a Plane*, I guess the title *Hatchet* says it all. Or, does it? Please tell us in your own words what it's about? Our girls and corpses want to know.

AG: *Hatchet* is old school American horror. In the '70s and '80s, we had this great phenomenon called "the slasher film." But as time went on, the sequels got ridiculous and the imitators beat the sub-genre to death. In the '90s, the sub-genre saw a brief resurrection with a movie called *Scream*. Finally, a slasher film with a good cast and a script that, unlike the

'80s horror films, could hold its own even around the blood and violence! But like we saw in the previous decade, the imitators beat it to death. Sadly, the '90s also became obsessed with the whole PG-13 horror film. Gone were the days of gratuitous nudity, fountains of gore, and a killer who is an actual MONSTER and not simply a teen 'who done it' episode of "Scooby Doo." So, when I wrote *Hatchet*, I was coming from a very personal place. I didn't care that the rage right now is torture films that look like Nine Inch Nails music videos or remakes or PG-13 stories about creepy Japanese girls crawling around the floor. I wrote the movie that I wanted to see, whether it was something that could sell in today's marketplace or not.

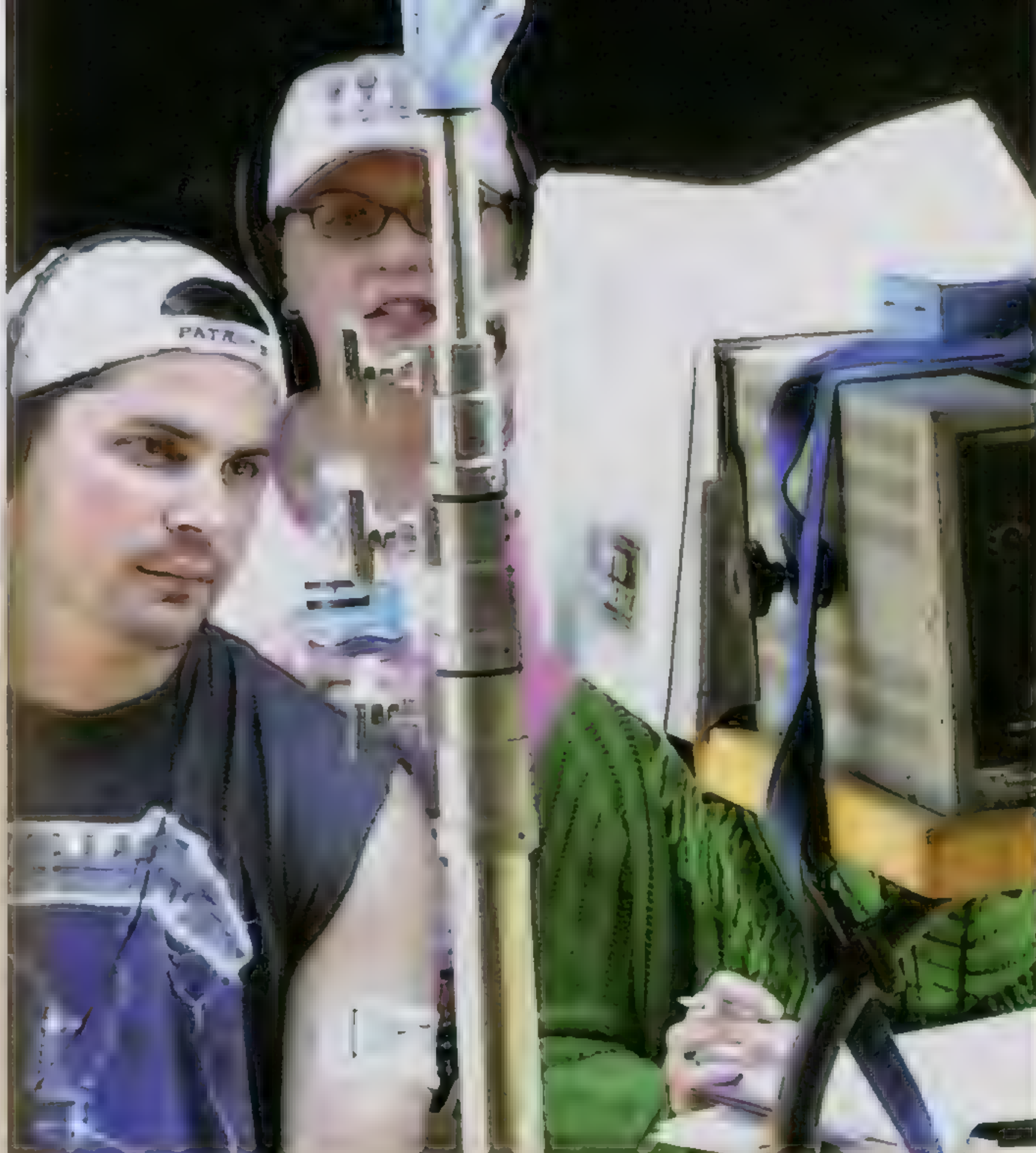
Hatchet has had such great critical acclaim for having the balls to know exactly what it is and wear it proudly on its sleeve. It's a fun ride, but it's also very, very sick. The goal was not to reinvent the wheel as much as it was to just bring it back around again in a new light. The opening credits are to the song "This Is The New Shit" by Marilyn Manson. (Fitting, right?) The song basically speaks to the fact that we've forgotten our sex and violence. "Do we get it? NO! Do we want it? YEAH! This is the new shit! Stand up and admit it!" *Hatchet* is something so old it's new. I hope it can make a difference in where the genre is at right now and start a new movement away from what we're stuck in. Let's have some fun again people! And for the love of god, stop remaking every title you can acquire!

The story of *Hatchet* revolves around a motley crew of tourists on a New Orleans haunted swamp tour. Their guide tells them about the legend of "Victor Crowley," a hideously deformed man who was killed by his own father in a tragic accident and who, according to local legend, still haunts the swamps at night. The boat breaks down, they have to get off of it, and well, everything literally goes to pieces. If you dug *Halloween*, *Friday the 13th*, and *Nightmare On Elm Street*, you'll dig this. If you dug the remake of *When A Stranger Calls*, this may be a little too much for a sissy like you.

I highly recommend catching it when it is in theaters this April and not waiting to watch it at home next fall. It's an audience film, and without the cheering, laughter, and screaming, you'll miss half of the fun.

G&C #3: How did you hook up with Ryan Schifrin and Ryan "Rotten" Turek to make the hilarious horror short film *King In The Box*? And have you ever considered changing your name to Ryan Green? (You know, on IMDb.com you're Adam Green VI. You don't exactly have the corner on that one.)

AG: Every Halloween for the past decade, I have made a short film. It's really just something for fun and a great reminder not to ever



take this shit or myself too seriously. So I round up some friends and we give ourselves one weekend, no money, and whoever wants to come help out to see what we get. When my company's website (www.ariescope.com) relaunches this spring, we plan to put all of the short films back up on there, but for now you can at least catch *King in the Box*.

Schifrin and Rotten are two close friends of mine. There's a whole group of us in what we jokingly call "The Fright Club" who hang out on a very regular basis and are at almost every genre-related event. I'd tell you more about Fright Club, but the first rule of Fright Club is that you don't talk about Fright Club.

When Schifrin saw some of my old Halloween shorts, he enlisted as a co-conspirator. Rotten, well, his voice is a dead ringer for Jack In The Box so that was a no-brainer. The idea stemmed from the fact that the Burger King guy is just plain fucking scary, and we wanted to know what was really inside Jack's head. Robert Pendergraft (who worked on *Hatchet*'s FX) built the heads from scratch, we rented some costumes, and we were off and running. We shot the whole thing in 1 and a half nights and for about \$800. So we showed it to friends, put it online, and it even made an appearance after the *Hatchet* screening at this

year's *ScreamFest*. But since then it's just taken off online getting thousands of hits.

It's funny, but these Halloween shorts were always a joke — and now people are starting to take them very seriously. It's getting to the point where I need to be secretive on when I am shooting them simply because if too many people show up, we won't get anything done! Hopefully, this is a tradition I can keep doing every year. It's always a fun event.

And how much does that suck that there are 50 Adam Green's on IMDb? Do you know, one time my agent was submitting me to a studio to write a drama project for them. They replied, "NO! We don't like Adam Green! His drama samples suck!" My agent responded, "But he's never written any dramas." At that point they realized it was ANOTHER Adam Green who apparently "sucks.. So I started thinking, wouldn't it be funny if I tried to track down this other Adam Green and convince him to stop writing or change his name? There's a short film in there somewhere.

In the meantime, I'm changing my name to Bob Balls. Screw "Adam Green." It's a boring name anyway.

G&C #4: It's no secret Rotten likes to show off those washboard abs of his, so there

had to be the obligatory shirtless scene in KITB... but how did you talk him into keeping that sexy hairdo of his under the Jack in the Box faux head? (Oh, and by the way, is Jack In The Box or Burger King gonna sue? I love Court TV!)

AG: Rotten actually insisted on showing off his abs. It was clearly written in the script that Jack is "wearing a shirt that completely covers his washboard abs," but then, at the last second, Rotten refused to come out of his trailer unless there was a rewrite. There were phone calls made, legal arguments, Schiffrin got hit in the face with a bottle of warm Bud Light, and one PA got touched inappropriately before we finally settled on Jack having his shirt off in the scene.

The head actually had to be built extra large to cover the hairdo. It cost us an extra \$75. Not to mention \$135 in 'hair product reimbursement' to Rotten.

In all honesty, we just thought "how funny if Jack is jacked?" So far, no lawsuits from BK or Jack In The Box. Jack In The Box has clearly seen it though. Have you noticed how they play with his facial expressions in the ads now? That started three weeks after the short came out. BK also makes Xbox games now. There was a deleted scene where the Burger King actually says "They should make a video game about me" before he kills Jack. Coincidence? I think not.

G&C #5: You're no stranger to the world of making movies. You received a lot of critical acclaim for your first one, entitled *Coffee & Donuts*. Personally, I like Arabica and a plain-cake, slightly crispy on the outside. You?

AG: I just miss Dunkin' Donuts. Southern California doesn't have any around here, so I have friends ship it to me. I miss being able to walk into a Boston D&D and simply say, 'How ya doin? Give me a laahhge fahkin' coffee!' And they hand it to you and say, "Here yah fakin' go - now go fahk yahself." Out here you've gotta be so specific and you have to take it to this new personal level where you exchange names and stuff. I always get confused when the coffee-making guy at the end of the counter suddenly looks up and announces who I am and what I am drinking. Perhaps I didn't want everyone to know I drink girly coffee drinks? Like it's any of the 'chick behind me's business if I got a Gingerbread Latte and my name is Adam? (Even though I know her name is Karen, she drinks soy, and probably has major issues being a weird vegan chick and all). I miss Dunkin' Donuts.

Oh, shit, but I'm supposed to comment on *Coffee and Donuts*, right? OK- right out of college I had a job making bad local cable ads in Boston. My DP (Will Barratt) and I "borrowed" their equipment at night and started making short films, etc. Eventually, we made a full-on feature called *Coffee and Donuts* that



was pretty much my autobiography up until that point. (C&D was the title of a morning radio show I did with my best friend while we were growing up.) We made the entire film for a mere \$400 because there were no real actors, the crew was all volunteers, and everything was stolen. It wound up getting the attention of the major players out here, winning "Best Picture" in a film festival (we lied and said the 'print was broken'), and ultimately being purchased by Disney Touchstone TV to be turned into a sitcom that I wrote for UPN. At the end of the day, the story of my life was not urban enough to make it onto the air at UPN (who didn't see that coming?), and the project was left in limbo when UPN folded last year. (See? They should have picked it up!) Someday we'll either self-distribute the movie to DVD or I'll get the rights back and bring it to a new network to revisit it. But for now, you can't find it anywhere. I hear that some people sell bootlegs

on eBay and it can be found at conventions, etc- but I wouldn't hold your breath trying to find it. I mean, it's a \$400 movie. How good can it really be?

G&C # 6: In your next masterpiece (I'm presuming here) that you just wrapped, *Spiral*, you got to work with the lovely Amber Tamblyn and the super-sexy Tricia Helfer. What's your secret for snagging such gifted pulchritude? A little GHB or Rohypnol at the craft services table during auditions or just a really nice t-shirt? Naw, I know it's your talent. Just kidding. But seriously, how did Amber and Tricia come onto the project, and what roles do they play?

AG: Oddly enough, Amber and Tricia were already involved before I was. *Spiral* was written by Joel David Moore (*Hatchet's* lead) and Jeremy Daniel Boreing. Apparently, that crew only hangs out with dudes who have three

names- but somehow I was still cool enough to be involved. Although my chair back did have my full name "Adam Harris Green" on it, now that I think of it.

Originally, Joel was going to direct the movie, but upon realizing how insane his demands were going to be having to direct AND play such a fucked up role, he enlisted me to come in and co-direct it with him. Basically, I took the lead on set while we shot, and Joel took the lead on everything else involved. I feel very privileged to have been asked on board such a great project. It was really Joel's passion project. We even shot it in his hometown of Portland, Oregon. It's a complete 180 from something like *Hatchet*. When I first announced that my next project after *Hatchet* was an art-house film about a troubled artist featuring an all original jazz score, the crowd I was speaking to laughed out loud because they thought I was kidding.

And how do I score these amazing leading ladies? Well...have you ever seen the commercials for AXE deodorant? It really works!

G&C #7: When I interviewed Amber in Japan last year while she was filming *The Grudge II*, her dad, Russ Tambyln, was there visiting. Was the set of *Spiral* lucky enough to be bestowed by an in-person session with Dr. Lawrence Jacoby himself? And was he still wearing those cool sunglasses?

AG: Russ Tamblyn certainly visited our set and he even appears as an extra in *Spiral*. I just saw him at a private screening we did for the film last week. No sunglasses but still a whole lot of cool.

G&C # 8: Don't tell Amber, but I really don't like Japanese horror movies. That one called *Spiral*, directed by a dude called Higuchinsky (yep, there's only one of him on the IMDb) in 2000 was pretty cool, though. Any worries about having your *Spiral* confused with his?

AG: Our *Spiral* has no relation and has no chance of being mistaken with Higuchinsky's. It's the story of a reclusive artist who meets a new, equally ostracized girl at work. As he begins painting her portraits, something horrible he may or may not have done in his past begins to come to light. It's an extremely stylized film and it features absolutely compelling performances from all involved, as well as some of the most beautiful cinematography you'll ever see courtesy of Director of Photography Will Barratt. It's no secret that Joel David Moore is one of my favorite actors out there but especially after *Spiral*, everyone will really see why.

It's a dark film, and it shows a whole other side to all of us who were involved. It premiered on Saturday, January 27th, in competition at the Santa Barbara Film Festival. We'll probably do what we did with *Hatchet* and run the festival circuit for awhile before we commit



to a release. We'll see.

G&C #9: I know that you really like, and identify with (well... let's hope only on a superficial level) the villains of horror films. Can you talk a little bit about how you write your villains, and also tell us your Top 3 fave cinematic villains of 2006? [And why they

It will be the most mainstream and biggest budget film I've done to date, but if you liked my style in the other films — you'll love this.

were cool.]

AG: I write my villains from a place of sympathy. "Victor Crowley" may be all bad-ass now...but it wasn't his fault. I find that if your audience can feel for your villain, it takes the story to a whole new level. And I don't mean "Oh, he was abused as a child" — who wasn't? One time I wanted to get the box of cereal with the diving frog man in it, and my Mom was all like "No, put that back and get the store brand that's on sale." Yeah, I know abuse all right? I pretty much grew up on the streets.

I like to show how my villains were wronged and show how it affects those around them. In my opinion, you can have the coolest deaths, hottest naked chicks, and funniest dialogue ever...but if you don't have a good villain, your horror film isn't worth shit.

My favorite cinematic villains from 2006 were:

- The Pale Man from *Pan's Labyrinth*. The guy eats fucking fairies for breakfast, OK? What other clarification do you need to qualify as the number one villain of the year?

- Grant Grant from *Slither*. Crazy, sexy, AND cool. So happy to see Rooker terrorize some folks again, and James Gunn is a genius in my book. "Meat."

- The weather in *Eight Below*. Old Jack, Max, Dewey, and Maya never stood a fucking chance against cold like that. It was like friggin 20 degrees out there or something!

G&C #10: You've said that romantic comedies are sort of depressing for you in a way. So why did you choose to direct one for your next film? (And please tell me the title, *God Only Knows*, doesn't refer to The Beach Boys song. I freaking hate that... oh, man. Too late. It's stuck in my mind now. Damn you, Adam Green!)

AG: I usually only say that as a comeback when people attack our horror genre as having negative influences on people. How many little girls went home and developed an eating disorder or cried themselves to sleep knowing they'll never find true love after watching last year's "Romantic Comedy of the Year"...and how many people killed someone with a gas-powered belt sander after watching *Hatchet*?

God Only Knows (yes, it's a love story — sue me) is a story I wrote about 4 years ago and one that I have been rewriting and rewriting ever since. It's the script that I've written that is



Photos: Christel Golden

the closest to me, by far. The difference between GOK and something like *The Family Stone* is that GOK is actually funny first and a romance film second. To me, most romantic comedies aren't funny. They're love stories with 2 or 3 "Oh my god, she DIDN'T!" moments in them that they use in the trailer. *God Only Knows* is the type of movie that chicks will drag their boyfriends to see, and then the boyfriends will be howling while the chicks sit there a little offended. The title has to do with the fact that it's a story about two people from different religions who fall in love with each other. But don't you dare shit on the Beach Boys song! I love that song!

I have wanted to make this film for YEARS and I am finally getting the chance. It will be the most mainstream and biggest budget film I've done to date, but if you liked my style in the other films, you'll love this.

G&C #11: Sequels usually suck, so why make a *Hatchet 2*? Popular demand? Car payment due? Time to fluff up the old casting couch? Who's left to come back for the sequel, and what do you think fans of the first *Hatchet* will like about *Hatchet 2* aside from the oh-so-original title? (By the way, which hatchet is best for beheading? I've always heard it's the Oakley, but I'll defer to your superior knowledge.)

AG: *Hatchet* was designed to have sequels, as that is the formula that it was derived from. It stands alone in the fact that if there never is a Part 2, it's OK to end as is. The ending is as in-your-face as an ending ever was. However, I purposely left some questions for the audience. For instance, there's no exact explanation for what Victor Crowley is. Is he a ghost? Did he not really die? Is he back from the dead? Is he a demon? There's also no explanation for how he GOT to be that way. Some movies get so consumed with the details that it weighs down the experience of watching it, so we kept this as good clean straight-for-the-throat fun and guts. When and if there is a *Hatchet 2*, it's going to answer some questions and also give me a chance to top the deaths from the first one. It's not very clear as to who is left to come back in the next one- or what's left OF them, but Victor Crowley can always come back.

That, and my car payment is due.

Typically, the rustier the hatchet, the better for beheading. With a slick blade you risk merely wounding the neck with its precision if the target is moving. But if it's got a full blunt edge of rust, the chances of hacking off most of the flesh attaching the head to the body are far greater.

G&C #12: I love the tagline for the project you've got in development – *Dead West: Zombies, Indians and Six Shooters*. What

else have you got? [Any casting news, story line, what inspired you, and so on...]

AG: *Dead West* is in the script phase right now. Jacob Forman (*All the Boys Love Mandy Lane*) is writing it. It's gonna be SICK! I'm approaching it like a true Leone western but adding the element of true horror and gore. People keep thinking it's a "zombie" film per se, but there's going to be very little "zombie" to my dead Indians. They move and think just like they did in life, only they're horrific looking and they can't die. I've always loved the social commentary that zombie films have made. How we've gotten this far in the genre without the Native Americans coming back to put us in our well-deserved place, I'll never understand.

Aside from that, I'm also working on a science fiction horror project, a comedy with Adam Herz's (*The American Pie* films) company, a few TV projects, and a project with my childhood idol turned good friend Dee Snider. Somewhere around all of that I was gonna shower, too. I think that was supposed to happen last week. Fuck, I smell like old salad.

G&C: (I image that's a chopped salad). Thank you, Adam, for letting us into your horrific world.

For more on Adam's movie go to www.hatchetmovie.com.

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HALLOWEEN NEED ZOMBIES



Photo©Albert L. Ortega

Sheri Moon Zombie teams again with director husband Rob Zombie ("The Devil's Rejects," "House of a Thousand Corpses") for a new version of the classic horror flick **Halloween**. Only this time... they're trailer trash.

Screenplay by Rob Zombie
(original characters by John Carpenter and Debra Hill)

Directed by Rob Zombie

Produced by Rob Zombie, Malek Akkad, Andy Gould

Scout Taylor-Compton... Laurie Strode
Danielle Harris... Annie Brackett
Malcolm McDowell... Dr. Sam Loomis
Danny Trejo... Ismael Cruz
Sheri Moon... Deborah Myers

Brad Dourif... Sheriff Brackett
Tyler Mane... Michael Myers - Age 27
William Forsythe... Ronnie White
Dee Wallace-Stone... Cynthia Strode
and others

An Interview with Sheri Moon Zombie

— By Staci Layne Wilson

You won't see actress Sheri Moon Zombie leaping from a long limo with the latest designer dog tucked under one bony arm, clad in Dior and diamonds. Sure, she attends the occasional red carpet premiere, but she's more apt to arrive funeral fabulous in a hearse, wearing denim and rhinestones.

In the early '90s, the 5'10" beauty caught the eye of Robert Wolfgang Zombie, lead singer and impresario of the ghoulish-obsessed hard rock band, White Zombie. (Rob is now a successful solo artist and film director.) She keeps her personal life pretty personal, but she has said that she and Rob were introduced by a mutual friend and that on their first date, "We had pizza, we talked, and that was it." That was almost 14 years ago, and the two have been together ever since.

*When you first encounter Sheri, you're not only struck by her American apple-pie good looks and girlish speaking voice, but by her instantly likeable, open and friendly demeanor. If you didn't know better, you'd never guess that the curvy blonde rose to fame by playing living dead girls in Zombie's lurid music videos and becoming one of the most memorable female serial killers on film in the hard-R movies *House of 1000 Corpses* (2003) and *The Devil's Rejects* (2005).*

She quickly became an icon among horror fans as Vera-Ellen "Baby" Firefly, the sexy, country-style belle who kisses and kills with equal aplomb. As an actor, Sheri is willing to crawl out as far on a limb as her husband asks. "Rob is the director, he's a master manipulator, and gets the actors to do what they think they want to do... but it's really his idea."

*With a John Cassevetes / Gena Rowlands kind of vibe for the 21st century, the Zombies aren't too concerned about looking much further than their own bedroom for inspiration; he writes roles for her, and she seldom considers other scripts. The only other non-Zombie film she's been in to date is Tobe Hooper's *The Toolbox Murders*, in which she played a quickly dispatched victim.*

*While she won't label herself as a "feminist" or not, Sheri clearly lives life on her own terms. A smart, self-assured woman, it's easy to see why her star is on the rise. Sheri's next film project is the highly anticipated animated feature *The Haunted World of El Superbeasto*, based on characters created by, you guessed it, Rob Zombie. Her current obsession is her new clothing line, *Total Skull*, which was launched in June 2006.*

Girls & Corpses: There are so many rumors on the Internet about you. You're a former stripper. You're a Satanist, and so on. Is that why you finally got your own website, after so many years?

SMZ: Well, you know what, I did have one for a little while [before this]. I think it was around the time *House of 1000 Corpses* came out, we started one. And then I just went, "You know what? I'm not the typical narcissistic actor." I don't really feel like I want to try to sell myself or market myself to people. I don't have an agent. I don't give many interviews. I don't actively seek work.

I just don't like the whole audition process that actors have to go through, God bless them. It's so demeaning and terrible for the most part. That's a big reason why I [didn't for so long]. I know there's somebody that has a website out there where you can get information. I think for the most part, things are almost right. It's sort of like the tabloids. There's a bit of information that's true, but then the rest of it is sort of fluffed up.

G&C: What about reviews? Rob's movies seem to stir up a lot of hornet's nests.

SMZ: I don't read reviews and I don't... good ones are great to read, but you know there's bad ones out there, too. I just don't want things like that to influence me in any way or bum me out, because we do the work, and we're proud of it. I just don't like to read reviews in general. I'll look at something occasionally if Rob's like, "Oh check this out, it's really cool" because he likes to see everything that's on the Web regarding the movies. But I'm just a little antsy about looking at stuff. [laughing] But in all honesty, I really don't know much of what's like going on there.

G&C: What is one of the strangest

things that you've heard about yourself that is not true?

SMZ: That I was a stripper. That one kind of pissed me off. I was never a stripper. I think it got misconstrued because I am, I was and still am, a dancer. I would choreograph the numbers, make the costumes, and dance on tour with Rob. I think people hear the word dancer and have the association stripper. When all the press initially came out for *The Devil's Rejects*, it was in some national newspapers. I was just like, "Oh great. Of course it's in my hometown newspaper." I don't want people reading that.

G&C: Did you grow up on the East Coast?

SMZ: I did.

G&C: Are you happily a California girl now?

SMZ: I really, really am. I consider myself a California girl now. I moved out here when I was 17. As soon as I graduated high school I came out to California and had a couple of tries. I mean, I moved back to Connecticut where I grew up, twice, and went to broadcasting school. But I moved back and forth. Seventeen is really young to move out of state and be on your own. I mean, I wanted to play and have fun and be responsibility-free but eventually you have to buckle down and get a job. So I was a little wild child when I was younger.

G&C: I understand that you were introduced to Rob through a mutual friend of yours?

SMZ: Yeah.

G&C: Why did he think that you two would get along?

SMZ: I don't know. Actually, I was on my way moving back out to California and he knew the rest of Rob's band, I guess, at the time, White Zombie. And he was like "Oh, let's go check him out". Because we were waiting for my car to be serviced and all that. It wasn't like, "Oh, I'm setting you guys up." We met that way.

G&C: And were you into hard rock music at the time?

SMZ: I was definitely into hard rock, heavy metal. But I'd never heard of Rob's band before. But I liked rockers for sure.

G&C: You were into the long hair and beard look?

SMZ: Yeah. When I met Rob he was totally different at that time. He was like the only guy I think that got that whole dreadlocks thing. He started it, and I'd never met anybody with hair like that before. And all those tattoos. But I was always into music, and I'd always go to the clubs in Connecticut.

G&C: I'm so curious to know if you've ever seen Rob without his beard? I mean, that is his trademark.

SMZ: Uh, no. Only childhood photos.

G&C: Do you think he would ever shave it?

SMZ: It's actually pretty short now but he would never... I don't think he ever wants to totally get rid of it. But we'll see, you never know. His hair is a lot different now. It's short and the dreads are combed out.

G&C: How did you get your start in show business?

SMZ: I went to broadcasting school, before I met Rob. I wanted to do characters for

animation, I wanted to do voice-overs. I was also sort of exploring maybe becoming a VJ or being some sort on-camera personality. But then the way things evolved with our relationship, we moved in together, and he was on the road and I would go on the road with him.

The first thing I did with him was make music videos. The first one was "Feed the Gods," which was a White Zombie video. I did a couple of videos when he was still in White Zombie, then when he went solo he always wanted to have dancers on tour. So I just became involved with that and choreographed the numbers. I found the girls and made the costumes. That was so much fun. Music videos is where I got most of my on-camera experience.

G&C: What is life on the road like? You've been at it for over 10 years now. Does it ever get tiresome, or do you still love it?

SMZ: Well, it's a lot different now from when I first met Rob. Then, he was still up and coming. Now we are able, thankfully, to stay in nice hotels and work out in the gym in the morning before we go to sound check. It's a

nice routine.

I really like the tour bus. We always get a bus where we have like the back lounge is a bedroom, so we have a bed. We don't have to sleep in the bunks, the coffin bunks [laughter]. We always bring Dracula, our dog, with us.

The hardest thing about being on the road is getting healthy food sometimes. Everyone's a big carnivore in this country and it's a fast food nation. The hardest thing about being on the road is getting good, healthy food. I don't think I've eaten McDonald's since I saw *Supersize Me*.

G&C: What's the day-to-day like for you?

SMZ: I read a lot of books, I do a lot of crossword puzzles, we watch movies on the bus. On the last tour that we did this summer everyone wanted to watch music documentaries so we were really into watching those. We also have like these big Uno championship games; we're like mad for Uno on the bus.

G&C: What books do you like to read? Are you into fiction or nonfiction?

SMZ: I like to read autobiographies and I

like to read ... just any fiction, nonfiction. I'm really open. I sort of read everything. Usually someone will recommend a book to me and I'll check it out. I really liked that book *She's Come Undone* by Wally Lamb. I recently read Gene Wilder's autobiography. I like reading like Agatha Christie novels, too.

G&C: Is Rob different when he's the musician Rob as opposed to making movies, or is he pretty much the same in both aspects of life?

SMZ: Unless he's on that stage for an hour and twenty minutes and he's playing a show, he's like a different person. I think that's why everyone wants to be a rock star. Even all the big athletes and famous actors, they want to be rock stars. There's just something so powerful about owning the stage for that hour: all eyes are on you and it just seems magical to everyone.

To me, he has a different rock star personality on stage, but it doesn't carry over to real life. He's very hardworking, disciplined and professional but yet so creative and his brain is always, you know, churning these ideas. Really, from the moment he gets up in the morning until the moment before we go to bed, he's always thinking of ideas, working, and being creative.

G&C: Were, or are, groupies ever a problem?

SMZ: Well, there's groupies, but it's definitely not like it was in the '80s and early to mid '90s. But none of that bothers me. I think that just goes along with music. There's like hard-core fans and they want to be touched by a rock star. [laughter]

G&C: In more ways than one.

SMZ: Yeah! But I don't mind. For the most part everyone, all the girls and the guys, all the fans are really nice. Rob doesn't partake in any of the sleaziness that does sometimes happen on tour. I'm there, and I trust him. Even when I'm not there, it's never been an issue.

We talk about that every now and then because we have been together for so long and this town is hard to find relationships that last long in the entertainment business. We're coming up on our wedding anniversary and it's like "God, we've been married for four years already?" Time goes by so fast. We still feel pretty new, you know. There's nothing monotonous about our relationship, thankfully.

G&C: How do you keep a marriage together in this town?

SMZ: Well, we've been together for almost 14 years now!! How do we keep a marriage together in this town? Hollywood?! We aren't really very Hollywood. We keep it low key, that's probably how.

G&C: Since our premiere issue of *Girls and Corpses* will launch around Valentine's



Day, we were wondering what do you and Rob do on that blood red day? A stroll through the cemetery?

SMZ: We spend Valentines' Day by going out to a nice restaurant and making out — HAHAAHAHAHAHA!!!

G&C: You were together for a long time before you got married. What made you decide to tie the knot?

SMZ: We were together for nine years. We both really didn't want to get married. Then all of a sudden something happened and I was just like, "You know what? Maybe we should. We might as well." It was weird, but there was nothing profound about it. We planned the wedding and then we said, "No, forget it. Let's just elope and then we'll have a party here." So that's what we did.

G&C: It's pretty cool that you were married on Halloween. Were you in costume?

SMZ: No. We were actually taking a walk in our neighborhood the day before. The wedding date was to be November 9th. We're like, "Oh God, we've been together for nine years. We should just say our vows privately." It was just like a spur-of-the-moment decision. It just happened that the next day was Halloween. We didn't do it for any spooky reasons or anything. We were not in costume. I wore a white sweater and jeans. [laughter]

G&C: How do you keep in shape, and what do you do to keep your body looking as good as it does? Do you diet?

SMZ: I work out five or six days a week. I try to eat healthy. My meals in general are really healthy, but I do have a sweet tooth. I crave a cookie, like everyone else. I want a piece of cake, like everyone else does.

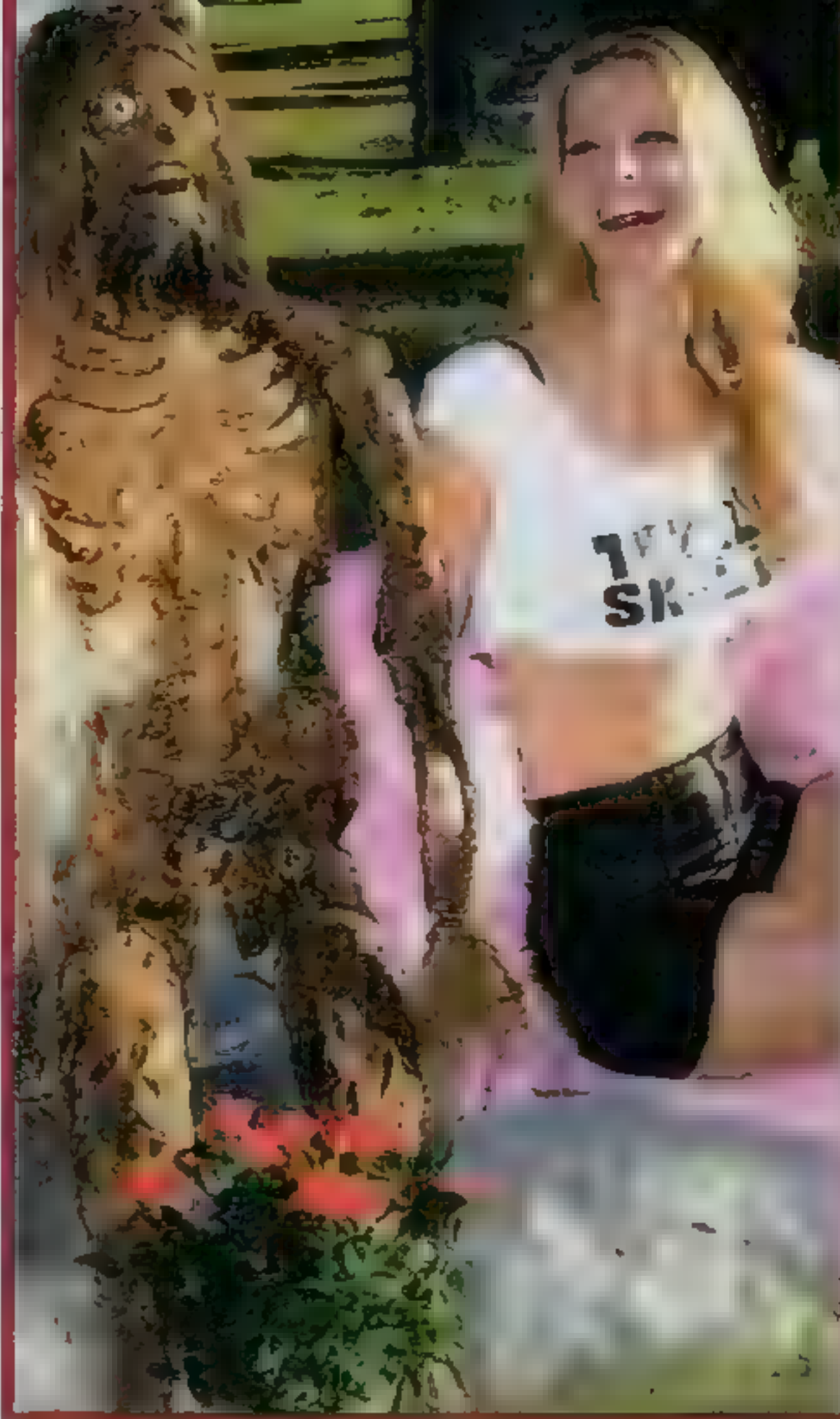
I love working out. I wake up, have my egg white breakfast and then I get on the treadmill and the elliptical. If I don't do that in the morning, I'm in a bad mood for the rest of the day. It really does release like some sort of crazy endorphins that gets out your bad energy. I love it. I've also done Pilates, yoga and all that kind of stuff.

I'm tall, so if I do gain a few pounds here and there, thankfully, hopefully, it doesn't show as much. But I definitely feel like I have my bloated days and, "Oh I feel fat" just like any other girl. I think fashion magazines sometimes can be so evil. [laughing] I definitely have to work out.

G&C: Do you have aspirations to work with other directors?

SMZ: I get scripts sent over here, and usually they're just little cheesy horror things that I don't want to do. And like I said, I hate the whole audition process. I don't seek out work. Rob and I will always work together.

G&C: Rob was telling me his next movie



is going to be sort of a cross between *Taxi Driver* and *Ghost World*, and that there would be a part for you in it. Yoko Ono notwithstanding, do you have input on his creative process?

SMZ: No. When he's writing, he's writing. Once in awhile he'll say something like, "Oh you're going to have to learn how to do... this". I'm like, "Oh my God, are you kidding me?" He writes it, and that's it. I don't have any real input, but I think he is such a good writer. He's writing three different scripts right now. Which one gets made first, we'll see.

G&C: What kind of challenges do you look for in a role? Do you enjoy staying in a comfort zone, or do you want to push yourself?

SMZ: Oh, I definitely want to push myself. Especially in the next movie because it will be a departure. I played Baby Firefly twice already, and I would love to be forced to learn something new. For the movie that you're describing, I'm going to have to learn this thing that you will see [laughing]. It's wonderful to push yourself. I think that keeps you young.

G&C: Your next confirmed project is *The Haunted World of El Superbeasto*. It's supposed to be out in '07, and you're doing the voice of Suzy X?

SMZ: Yeah. We did something a little different; rather than doing our voice parts separately, we were all in the same room at the same time. It was more natural and we were able to bounce off each other.

G&C: Who is Suzy X?

SMZ: Suzy X is the sister of the main

character in *The Haunted World of El Superbeasto*. She's this crime-stopping, sexy, superhero gal that everyone in the world is a big fan of. They love her and they think she's great. Her brother gets busted. He's an out-of-work wrestler who is trying to redeem himself. It's so smart and so funny, I can't wait to see the final product. It's hilarious.

G&C: You are, like you said, married to a multit talented person who can draw, write, and everything else. But you are, too. You do choreography, you act, and you can bake, and sew...

SMZ: I really like making clothes. I have recently launched my Total Skull clothing line, which is for men and women — and kids and dogs! In addition to everything else, every Monday Rob and I also do a radio show on Indy 103.1. That is so much fun. We really do a lot of prep for that and it's a funny show. I'm also going to be dancing on the Rob Zombie/Godsmack tour. We are rehearsing now and getting costumes and wardrobe ready, and practicing.

G&C: This is kind of an off-the-wall question, but I'll admit this has crossed my mind once or twice: When you guys go to a restaurant and you make a reservation, do you use the last name Zombie? I can hear it now, "Zombie, party of two!"

SMZ: Well, that is our last name, so yeah. It can be funny, especially when I'm ordering like from a catalog, there is always a comment. And I'm like "Well, that's my last name." It is legal. Rob changed his legally many years ago, and then when we got married I changed mine too.

G&C: It's a great name, though.

SMZ: Yeah. I think it's cool.

G&C: What's your ideal home? Do you live in your ideal home now?

SMZ: Rob and I decided on everything in the house we live in now, and we really love this house. It's a big English Tudor, built in the '20s. It's really comfortable in some rooms, but then we have our big living room which has all our strange assortments... we have monkeys, a boar... all the dead animals. There's a 12-foot polar bear in the corner that was a prop from the original "Addams Family" TV series.

We have some unique pieces of furniture. Rob has a great poster collection going on in the house. We have lots of really beautifully framed '30s and '40s posters. Also a lot of pin-ball machines.

It's a nice house. It was fun to get it together. When we moved in, we painted everything dark. And we took a look and were like, "Wow, this is a dark house." Everything was dark green or dark burgundy. Sometimes I couldn't even walk through a room without bumping into something! So we lightened it up a little bit. It's still just a dark house by nature, but it's comfortable and people feel welcomed here, I

hope.

G&C: What's your idea of a perfect day?

SMZ: Perfect day is waking up at 7:00 a.m., seeing that it's raining outside, staying in bed until 9:00, then getting up and making a nice breakfast. If it is a no-work day, then we'd sit in the screening room and have a double feature. We'd order a pizza, Rob's favorite food. Just hanging out with my hubby is my idea of a perfect day.

G&C: What is your motto or your philosophy on life?

SMZ: "Be happy, healthy and in love." I

really think the goal is be healthy, happy and in love. Your health comes first. Your body is your vehicle for everything, so you should be healthy, which generally makes you happy. And I think it's really important to share your life with somebody special. I know a few people that are alone, and there's an emptiness. When you come home after a long day, and you have no one to talk about your day with, it becomes 10 times worse. But if you talk about it with your spouse or your partner, before long you're like, "Oh, that's nothing." Yeah, I think it's important to "Be happy, healthy and in love."

G&C: Sheri, when we initially asked you

about doing a clothing line in late 2005, you said you wished you could, but you'd never have the time. Then, less than a year later, you launched Total Skull and it's a total success! How on earth did you find the time, after all?

SMZ: Yes, at that time I didn't really have much time to devote myself to a line, then miraculously I worked on designs and had the time to get the company started.

G&C: These clothes are so rockin' sexy... what was your inspiration for the first line, and how would you describe the look of Total Skull?

SMZ: I am really inspired by everything. I like to make clothing that I like to wear, and hopefully others like to rock too. My stuff is 100% super comfy soft cotton, I started there and created cool designs for the bodies.

G&C: Who's your clientele?

SMZ: The Total Skull customer is a rockin' guy or girl into music and a cool scene!

G&C: I've noticed a real fan base amongst MySpace girls for you, and for Total Skull. How much do you credit the sort of grassroots efforts of these young ladies?

SMZ: I really credit MySpace for all of my success with Total Skull up to this point. I really built a fanbase their for Total Skull, and Hot Topic selling the Skull is amazing!

G&C: Where else can they find the line?

SMZ: People can buy Total Skull online at www.totalskull.com, Hot Topic Stores and Hot Topic online as well as Halloweentown Store in North Hollywood, CA, and Las Vegas Motorheads in Vegas, and Romero Ink & Tattoo in Colorado, more stores to come this year!!

G&C: Did you know right off the bat that you'd have a role in Rob's Halloween film? Who are you playing?

SMZ: YES, I knew I would have a role in "Halloween," but I can't divulge any other information about the project as of yet. This is top secret stuff!!! I really look forward to the whole project, and there are certain scenes to film that I am really excited about.

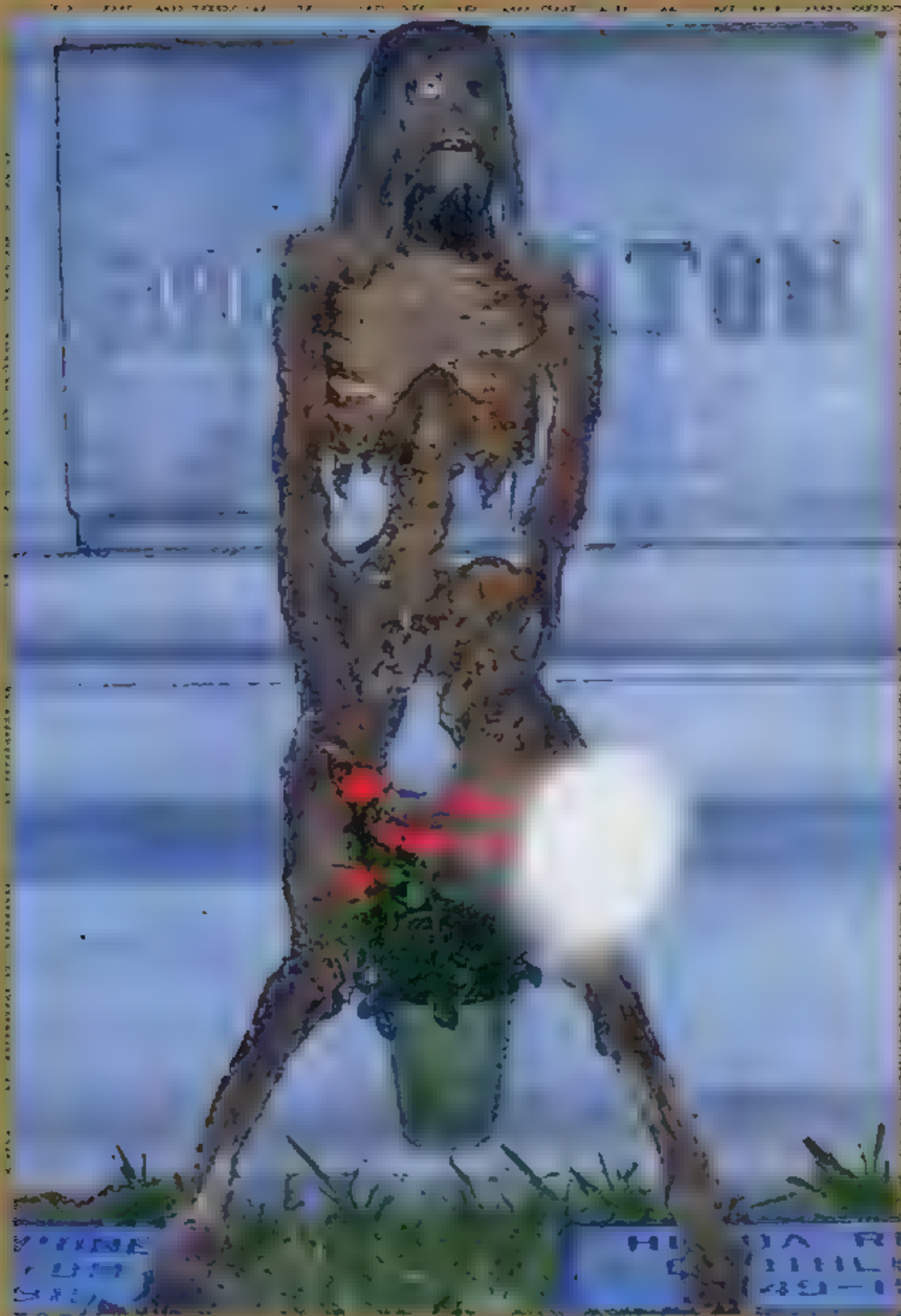
G&C: Do you ever tire of the horror scene?

SMZ: I'm not really in the "horror scene" — I just happen to be in horror movies! I never go out. Rob and I stay home and watch movies for entertainment!

G&C: What do you think of *Girls and Corpses* magazine?

SMZ: I love *Girls and Corpses* magazine — You can't go wrong with hot chicks and the dead!





CORPSY THE FRIENDLY CORPSE

A 100% True Girls and Corpses Ghost Story

The image you are looking at has not been doctored in any way. The names have not been changed to protect the corpse.

While we were shooting the Sheri Moon Zombie shoot with the Rob Zombie corpse in the cemetery, we needed a shot with flowers. We asked one of the set assistants to go get flowers and... well.. they did -- off another grave.

The borrowed flowers were returned to the grave immediately afterwards. When we looked at the photos later, one in particular caught our eye. It appeared that some sort of ghostly apparition was emanating from the flowers.

Could this be a real ghost? We checked the other photos directly before and after this shot which were shot in rapid succession but only this had the ghostly image.

You judge for yourself.

Lesson learned: Don't remove flowers from someone's grave. You may be taking someone along for the ride.

RIP
The Grin Creeper

Rigor Mortis Rub

CORPSE Balm

"Don't let the stiffness set in."

containing
Camphor, Menthol, Cajuput Oil,
Glucosamine, Chondroitin,
MSM (Methylsulfonylmethane)

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D.W. Fyfe



by Robert Steven Rhine

“Yo no lo puedo mirar!” a Spanish voice groaned, as a plastic mask was lowered over my mouth and nose.

“Ahora cuente de uno a cien, de atras para adelante,” a female voice remarked.

“Huh?” I must have said out loud, because the voice now responded in broken English. “Count backwards from one hundred, señor.”

“Why?”

“Do it señor and I will explain later,” the voice urgently replied.

“99... 98... 97... 9...”

Blink.

I dreamed of a gnarled oak tree in a desolate windswept field. An abandoned circus sat decaying in the distance, wind whistling through the rusted pipe organ, as faceless clowns with sickles trimmed the branches of the dying sycamore. Slice... slice... slice. The severed limbs landed in bloody piles, the leaves shivering on the cracked earth like dying spiders. Two squirrels scurried over, larger than normal squirrels, with rows of sharp incisors spinning in their furry mouths, and gnawed on the branches.

I could hear an airplane circling nearby, growing closer and closer and... AhhhHHHHHHYYYYEEEE!!!

I was awakened by own scream.

“¡Carajo, callese que estoy tratando de dormir!” growled a sleepy voice.

“Huh? What’d ya say?” I mumbled, my voice slobbery like ‘Goofy the Inebriated Clown.’

I began to worry.

Where the hell was I? What had happened to me that landed me in this predicament? And why did my voice sound like a Saturday morning cartoon?

My half-lidded eyes surveyed the piss-stinking room, past peeling avocado paint, and rested on a wobbly ceiling fan that might unscrew at any moment and decapitate me. It felt like 99 percent humidity as I lay paralyzed on the sweat-soaked swaybacked mattress, my temples drumming the arrival of King Kong.

There were no windows in the airless box, only a black velvet painting of the Virgin Mary hanging crooked on the east wall. There was also an ornate mirrored cross facing me at the end of the bed with a gecko chattering on top. All I needed was a Corona and a lime and this would be a nightmarish Super Bowl commercial.

This apparently wasn’t the Ritz. More like a third-rate Tijuana brothel. Perhaps I had gotten drunk on Mescal, choked on the worm, and wound up with a bar straw tracheotomy at Mexicali General. Or, I had such mind-numbing ‘sexo’ with a toothless transvestite señorita that I was suffering from voluntary amnesia. Or maybe I had some bargain rate elective surgery south of the Border that required more than your average nip and tuck. A discount face transplant?

Not quite as romantic a notion, but more likely, I had been in some sort of horrible ‘accidente.’

“Hey! Where am I?” I garbled to my reluctant roommate, still sounding like Goober from Mayberry. But the Latino just continued to snore. Air sucking, sinus rattling pig snorts. I wanted to stuff a cork up his nose and ass and watch him inflate and explode. I tried to will my body to rise, but I couldn’t budge. I desperately tried to wiggle my fingers then toes — hoping I still had them, or legs, or even a torso. Maybe I was just a head on a pillow?

I attempted moving my fingers — nada. ‘No es muy bueno.’ Hm... why was I thinking in Spanish? Es muy misterioso.

Then, I remembered — the dream. What if I really had been attacked by killer squirrels? Maybe, I was enjoying a picnic, fell asleep with a peanut butter sandwich in my lap and the squirrels disemboweled me before running off with my nuts.

I desperately tried to peek below my waist but I couldn’t move my head. The good news — I had a head. The bad — I couldn’t blink and my eyeballs felt like beef jerky drying on a clothesline in the Mohave. My face stung like I had shaved with a Craftsman lawn mower.

“HELP MEEeeeeEEE!,” I pathetically screeched, attempting to awake my air-sucking roommate.

Again the dude-ito in the adjoining bed protested, “¡Dios Mio! Ronca usted toda la noche? Porque necesito dormir!”

“Huh?”

I suddenly wished I had paid more attention in high school Spanish class instead of staring at Robin Rosenfeld’s perfectly tanned gams.

I shifted my eyes and noticed something odd about the outline of the Latino’s face — like a puzzle piece was missing — as if someone had attacked his nose with an industrial ice cream scooper. No wonder he needed his beauty rest. Poor-ugly-shlub. Imagine going through life with a facial deformity like that, causing women and children to recoil.

But even with the healthy chunk missing from his cabeza, there was something uncomfortably familiar about him — his voice.

“Do I know you?” I inquired, all neighborly.

“You could say that,” the Latino snorted, half asleep.

I tried to be polite and not stare. But it was impossible. I had bought a ticket to the sideshow and I was getting my money’s worth.

As my eyes focused, I could see that his face appeared to have been blown off by a shotgun, or eaten by a hungry grizzly, or had been the catcher’s mitt for a Fourth of July fireworks finale gone horribly awry.

“What the hell you looking at?!” he snapped.

“Uh, me?...Nothin’” I sheepishly shrugged. But you could see the dude-ito’s rotting teeth through his cheek port. And he needed dental work... promptly.

“You like that, huh? Gettin’ a real good peek at the freak?” he hissed though his cheek, sputtering saliva onto his stained pillow.

“Do I like what?” I unconvincingly replied, growing dangerously nauseous by the moment.

“My face, you freakin’ looky-loo!” You some kind of pervert — likes staring at peoples faces?!”

“Sorry, it’s kind of hard not to look,” I retorted.

Faceless-man smirked. At least, I thought it was a smirk. (Hard to tell without a face).

“You think I’m ugly, amigo?,” he chortled. “At least you don’t have the view from my side,” he snorted as he turned his back and muttered, “I’m a beauty queen compared to you.”

“Wha... what did you say?” I stammered.

No reply from Faceless-man.

A queasy feeling rose in my belly as I fired back indignantly, “You think I’m gross?”

“Si’.”

What could he possibly be seeing that was worse than what I was? If only I had a mirror. Why wasn’t there a mirror in this youth hostel of the damned?!

I suddenly felt like retching.

So, I did.

It was quite a painful, since I could barely move my head, which felt bolted to concrete. The weird part was, my belly bilge seemed to flow out of everywhere: eye sockets, nose, ears, and even my neck like a leaky canoe.

No one came to clean up my spew.

Man, I pondered, as I smacked my lips, drooling gut bile onto my chest, that Corona sounded good about now.

If only I could remember what I was doing here. What was the last thing I could remember? Think Marty, think. Marty?! My name was Marty! Good start! An all-American, stockbroker, lawyer, agent, boxing manager, neighborhood butcher kind of name.

But where do I live? America? Iceland? New Guinea? The world was my oyster and I was its bloody dislodged pearl.

I strained my memory but the only image I could conjure in my throbbing head was sitting in a box somewhere. Maybe I was homeless and my residence read ‘Maytag’ across the side? Or, perhaps I was a circus contortionist and was carried town to town in a suitcase? Or, a ventriloquist dummy who had developed the uncanny ability of reason.

For Christ’s sake, concentrate Marty! What else do I remember about the box? Or was it a cubicle? Yes, I definitely remembered working in a small office cubicle, listening to a coworker yap about their kid, a grammar school honor student. It was really hot, just like now. Maybe it was summer? I hated my job — whatever that was. All I ever looked forward to was my one-week vacation.

Just then, I felt an insurmountable itch at the top of my cranium, on the interior of my skull. How do you even scratch such an itch? My only hope was my concave-faced roommate, but I feared if I asked him to itch my

head, he'd do it with a barbecue fork.

"Scuse me, achem!" I cleared my phlegmy throat.

"¿Ahora qué?" he sighed.

"My head itches."

"So?"

"Could you push the help button?" I politely asked.

"What do I look like, Mother Teresa? Push it yourself!"

I spotted the red 'help' button, wrapped three times around the support bar of my bed. A nice, big, red 'help' button just out of reach. I strained to touch it but I felt so helpless, like a baby needing his diaper changed. Speaking of which... Whew! Something in the room smelled foul. Real foul. Backed-up-sewer-in-the-summer-foul. My unblinking eyes burned. If only I could reach up and wave my hand in front of my offended nostrils. Did I even have nostrils? Or hands?

"You been eating corpses or something?" I queried.

That's when he smelled it too. "Holy butt burrito! What'd you do, crap yourself?" he groaned, all indignant (though it's hard to make yourself look indignant with a cavern face).

"Hey, it's not me," I protested, forfeiting the 'he who smelt it' rule.

"Ayee! Look at you, festering in your own touristas. You're deesgusting! You'd have been better off if you'd have died with the others, trust me, Propeller-Boy."

'Propeller-Boy?' Faceless-man was calling me 'Propeller-Boy'? What a duo. All we needed now was Colostomy-bag Man and Incontinent-Girl to complete our slime fighting team.

"Wha... what others?" I suddenly stammered, seizing my chance to gather critical information. "And what do you mean calling me Propeller-Boy?"

"You know, señor, those little beanie hats with the propellers on top. Like Beanie and Cecil."

"Beanie and Cecil?"

"The blond kid puppet and the dumb ass dinosaur! You really don't know what happened to you, do you, señor? Usted jodido, feo y loco," he chortled, his tendons clearly visible through his cavernous cheeks like pulleys at an airplane factory. "Ayeeee!" he laughed so hard he rolled onto his red 'call' button.

Buzzzzzzz.

At least now I'd get some answers — and a tin drool cup.

But the nurse didn't come. And the stench grew worse, like rancid cat food left on a dashboard with the windows rolled up in August. I went through an in-depth analysis of the fetid aroma: acrid... corpulent... toxic... deadly.

But Sleeping Bonito just pretended to be asleep, and if he ever did peek over at me he'd give me that horrified, wide-eyed stare again.

Speaking of wide-eyed stares, I wonder why I can't blink. It's rather annoying. Why weren't there any mirrors in this flippin' hospital? For obvious reasons, I concluded. If my gassy roommate saw that his reflection was missing a significant chunk he might put a shotgun to his head. Though that might be how the unsightly crater

occurred in the first place.

Mercifully, the door finally swung open and a heavysset doctor with thick glasses entered followed by a team of younger residents and interns wearing white lab coats. They were careful not to make eye contact, like I was the Elephant Man's ugly brother. They scribbled notes as they surrounded me with a picket fence of clipboards.

Then I made eye contact with an attractive intern in her 20s, with flawless cocoa butter skin, full lips, and green eyes. I winked and she hurled — then ran from the room in tears. I recalled having a better effect on the ladies.

"Will someone please tell me what's going on?!" I implored.

Another intern, sweating profusely, started swaying. His eyes rolled back in their sockets and... 'thud.' No one moved to help him — everyone transfixed on Propeller-Boy.

The head doctor, and classroom professor, cleared his throat, then took out a laser pointer and let the red dot zip around my face like a hit man.

He spoke to the assembled group: "Es el instinto de supervivencia de la raza humana..."

"In English please," I interrupted. "I'd like to understand some of this, if you don't mind."

"Amazing," a female scientist uttered as if observing a tap-dancing alien.

The doctor paused, gathered himself, and continued in English, "Bear witness to survival. The species of man will try to live at all costs, even the most heinous of circumstances. This person should be dead by all reasons of logic, yet here he is... hideous, yes... malformed, yes... repulsive, yes. But I ask you, can he have a normal life?"

Another female intern, who hadn't passed out, raised her trembling hand and responded, "Is that a rhetorical question?"

"Correcto, Melinda," the doctor nodded approvingly, his eyes lingering over her an extra beat.

"Hey doc, I don't want to break up the fiesta, but would you mind telling me WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED TO ME?!"

The doctor glared at me for a moment, with a whiff of pity and annoyance. He took a breath and calmly continued: "The mechanism for survival includes memory loss of events too horrible to endure. A safety valve, as it were, the unconscious uses to shut down the brain to extreme physical trauma."

"Is he in any pain?" an anorexic student with acne inquired.

"Let me take this one, doc," I coolly interjected. "YES! A WHOLE FREAKIN' LOT. My head itches on the inside and my skeleton is buzzing like cicadas are eating my spine. My ribs feel pried apart with a snow shovel and I have a pounding migraine behind my eyes, like I'm being stabbed by fireplace pokers. Any questions?" I queried the assembled group.

They all stared back at me like I was Taylor from "The Planet of The Apes" and had just yelled at them, "Take your hands off me— you damn, dirty apes!"

"Miraculous," intoned a Spanish research scientist, "... that he can still articulate thought."

"Helllooo," I interjected, "I'm right here, you can speak to meee! Articulate this amigo: How did I wind up here? And where is here? Last thing I remember I was at work, looking forward to my summer vacation and..."

I paused as a memory washed over me. "A vacation! I... took a trip somewhere!"

"Yes, yes, go on!" the scientist eagerly encouraged, as if to a toddler taking their first wobbly steps.

"I remember I was booking a trip to..."

"Does this sound familiar?" my obnoxious bunkmate interjected, "Welcome to South American Fantasy Tours. I am your guide, Ignacio Plaza. I promise this will be a trip that you will never forget."

"That's it! South America!" I exclaimed, "I was on a bus tour in Colombia. We were driving through the jungle..."

Ignacio completed my sentence, "...to see the ancient civilizations of the Guajira and Sinu Indios."

"That's it! There were all these trinket stands selling tourist junk. Wait, I remember who you are! You were the bus driver —drinking out of a hip flask."

"Borojoa juice," Ignacio quickly covered, for the doctor and interns.

"Whatever it was, you were driving really fast around hairpin mountain curves," I continued, as the memories spilled out. "It was humid, and you were smoking a stinky cigar with the windows up. I felt like puking. I asked you to roll down a window, but you ignored me. You're a crappy driver, by the way."

"I'm not a crappy driver. I'm a great driver!" protested Ignacio, "I've been driving bus tours since I was fourteen! Never once did I have any complaints, in nearly twenty years — except for that one time a señorita was steering on my lap."

I tried to ignore Ignacio, as I reached into my subconscious with both hands, "I remember hearing something loud... a motor."

"An airplane," the head doctor added, with deeply furrowed brow.

"Put him out of his misery doc," implored Ignacio, "For Jesus sake! - so I can get some shut eye!"

The doctor glared at Ignacio.

"Well, if you won't, I will!" blurted Ignacio, as he turned to me. "Your name is Marty Blumberg. You were on a group package tour traveling to South America for single herpes sufferers. I was driving my bus, cabra pequeña, 'my little goat,' up a steep winding road in Las Montañas De Santa Marta, where we were going to see the sacred waterfalls of Ayacucho."

"Yes, yes," Now I remember!" I said impatiently. "Go on!"

"Tranquilo - take it easy," cautioned Ignacio, "this is important back story. As I was saying, the airplane, a twin engine Cessna, was being piloted by a teenage Colombian drug-runner named Paulo, from Barrio Siloe. He was my third cousin coincidentally, and was trying to make his mark in the Cali Cartel. Paulo had stolen the plane from a rival drug lord in Medellin, and it was packed with 600 kilos of coffee beans..."

I just had to interject, "Did you say coffee

MR. DEAD

BY ROBERT STEVEN RHINE
ART BY NENAD GUCUKJA



A CORPSE IS A CORPSE
OF COURSE OF COURSE

AND NO ONE
CAN TALK
TO A CORPSE
OF COURSE...

THAT IS,
OF COURSE,
UNLESS THE CORPSE IS
THE FAMOUS
MR. DEAD.

GO RIGHT TO THE
SOURCE AND
ASK THE CORPSE.

BLA...
BLA... BLA...
BLABAL...
BLABLA...

HE'LL GIVE YOU
THE ANSWER
THAT YOU'LL
ENDORSE...

HE'S ALWAYS
ON A STEADY
COURSE...

TALK TO
MR. DEAD.

CORPSE TWINS CASSIE AND MAILE WITH BONE-DADDY





YOUR

AD

HERE

GIRLS AND CONPSES. COM



beans?"

"Yeah, real pura mierda. The cocaine cartels are fighting to get into the coffee business. Seems Starbucks makes bigger bucks than coca these days. There are more caffeine addicts out there than cocaine junkies."

"Uh-huh. Go on."

"So, Paulo, who learned to fly at an internet cafe near Ciudad Cordoba that served a renowned grande Latte, dumped the fuel to lighten the load so the plane could cross the Andes. But he was very anxious, because he had seen that movie "Alive" where the plane crashed and the soccer players all ate each other and, also, because he was a bazourca junkie."

"What's bazourca?"

"You know, crack residue. Paulo smoked it."

"Go on."

Ignacio, on a roll, continued, "This made him extremely paranoid, and rightfully so, because if the Medellin coffee cartel, now chasing him on the ground with jeeps, caught up with him, he would be a 'bulto de granos de café'"

"Huh?"

"A coffee sack," translated the doctor.

"You may not know this, Marty," explained Ignacio, "but the coffee cartels sometimes kill local peasants, clean out their body cavities and fill them up with coffee beans. Then, they sew them back up and ship them in coffins to their families in America for burial. The bandidos de café rob the graveyard at night, cut open the bodies and remove the beans. That's why some American coffee takes so bitter."

I stared at him, mouth agape.

"These aren't ordinary coffee beans, mi amigo. We're talking premium roast espresso. The finest in Colombia."

"It's true, Marty," nodded the doctor.

I felt woozy, as Ignacio proceeded: "So... Paulo took a desperate gamble and flew east over Cartagena towards the lower coastal mountain range of Santa Marta, planning on then flying south where he could ditch the plane in the Amazon. But the plane, flying through rough terrain, was too heavy and clipped the peak of Santa Marta. One of the engines caught fire. The plane went into a dive. Unfortunately, Paulo hadn't reached this part of his instruction on the Internet."

"This is all fascinating, Ignacio. But what do teenage Colombian drug runners -- excuse me, 'coffee bandidos' -- have to do with me? I sell moccasins in Kodiak, Wyoming."

"Paciencia," Ignacio snapped. "Anyhow, here I am, minding my own business, driving my tour bus full of gringo herpes simplex sufferers, listening to salsa by Jose Cuernavaca and smoking a coffee-infused Mayorga Gordito, when I see a small airplane on fire heading straight for my cabra pequeña! I swerved and Paulo tried to land in front of us but the distance was too short and he flew right into us, head on. The propeller sheared off and spun right down the center of the bus. Glass and metal exploded. I ducked and I felt something graze my cheek. I thought I had made it unscathed until I glanced down and saw my cigar in my lap, with my mouth still attached. But Santa Maria, she save me, except for taking away

a portion of my good looks."

The doctors and interns were staring at Ignacio as he concluded, "Well, the rest es muy malo, everyone was killed in the bus. That is, with the exception of you, gringo, sitting in 'a back seat, your head between your legs, barfiing. I guess, my 'stinky' cigar saved your life."

Silence engulfed in the room.

"So... what happened to ME?!" I demanded.

The doctor calmly interjected, "You were found in the mountains by FARC, Rebel Guerrillas From The Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia. They kept you alive, a hostage, in a woolly monkey cage, until they could use you for a prisoner exchange. But they also tortured you. Reports say that you may have been used as a piñata at a rebel birthday party."

"I want to see for myself. Can you please bring me a mirror?" I numbly pleaded.

The head doctor paused before saying, "That's not a good idea, señor."

"Why?"

"There were 'problems' in surgery."

"What kind of problems?"

"The first surgeon who operated on you," the doctor said, clearing his throat, "well, let's just say we discovered that he wasn't licensed. The loco performed surgeries here for nine months before we discovered he never went to medical school."

If my eyes could have gone any wider they would have popped out and rolled into my open mouth -- hole-in-one.

The doctor continued, "Then there was the infection. Some kind of flesh-eating bacteria. Never did figure out exactly what it was, but we suspect it came from unsterilized surgical instruments or a toothpick that dropped from the unlicensed surgeon's mouth and got sewn back into your brain. We had to close down the hospital and move you here where we had to cut off your limbs to save you."

"I don't care. I want to see for myself," I implored.

"Go on, let him! Deje que el pendejo se mire la cara!" interrupted Ignacio, finally agreeing with me on something.

The doctor just shook his head and walked out of the hospital room, followed by the others, his arm around the attractive intern's shoulder. The door clicked behind.

I couldn't believe they were leaving me like this, to go slowly insane. "PLEASE let me SEE myself!" I hollered after them, as their footsteps faded down the hall.

Ignacio chimed in, "Trust me, amigo, it's better this way. I can't even stand to look at myself. But you... dios mio. You really got beat with the sharp end of the piñata stick."

"Listen, Ignacio," I said in a threatening tone. "I know you were drinking on the bus that night and the plane might have been avoided if you hadn't been driving so fast. So, if you don't help me, I'm going to sue you with every bone left in my body."

Ignacio, paused, then rose up out of bed, disconnected his intravenous feed line and staggered to the mirrored cross on the wall.

He flicked the gecko and said, "This is where

I first saw myself after the accident. I got down on my knees and prayed to die. But, here I am. Life goes on, eh? Even without a face."

Ignacio carried the heavy cross towards my bed, as reflections danced around the room like a Colombian disco.

"Is this what you want to see?" he offered threateningly, as he leaned the cross over me like I was Linda Blair in *The Exorcist*.

I stared at myself in the mirrored cross -- in abject horror. I saw a large wooden paddle surrounded by teeth and bone and sinew. Whatever it was... it was horrible. And it was me.

The airplane propeller was lodged through the middle my skull. My head was bolted onto steel bars attached to the wall. My eyes were being held in my cheek bones by gelatinous jelly and wires. My lower jaw was partially missing along with most of my teeth. My arms and legs had been sawed off to stave infection.

I was just a torso with a propeller on my head. The featured sideshow freak at a Colombian carnival. Propeller-Boy -- The Human Flying Piñata!

"You shouldn't have done that!" scolded the head doctor as he reentered the room to retrieve his clipboard. Upon seeing Ignacio, he grabbed the cross and a struggle ensued. They were rolling around on the floor for several minutes before the doctor finally gained control of the cross.

"What's the difference," shrugged Ignacio. "He's muerte."

"How could you leave me like this!!!" I implored.

"We couldn't take out the propeller," explained the doctor, "or it would have killed you. We had no choice."

"How am I supposed to lead a normal life with a propeller on my head?! And no arms or legs?!"

"Get a job with Avianca Airlines?" smirked Ignacio.

If I had been able to get to Ignacio, I would have pulverized him with my propeller.

"Take it out!" I pleaded with the doctor. "PLEASE, PLEASE take it out!" I stammered as snot and slobber bubbled from the cavity that had once been my nose and mouth.

"I'm sorry. It would be irresponsible," the doctor cautioned. "The chance for survival is minimal."

"I don't care. I'll take that chance! Film it for the Surgery Channel for all I care! JUST REMOVE THE FREAKING PROPELLER FROM MY HEAD!!!"

The doctor slowly nodded.

.....

"Yo no lo puedo mirar!" a Spanish voice groaned, as a plastic mask was lowered over my mouth and nose.

"Ahora cuente de uno a cien, de atras para adelante," a female voice remarked.

"99... 98... 97... 9..."

Blink.

I dreamed of the desolate field and the abandoned circus.

And waited for the squirrels...



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H6: Diary of a Serial Killer

I know what you're thinking. Not another serial killer movie. Believe me; I'm right there with you. I don't know which is more annoying to me right now, another serial killer movie, or another horror classic being remade by Tony Scott wannabe, Michael Bay. The whole Serial Killer / Slasher sub-genre is now as flaccid as Donald Trump's dick at a Rosie O'Donnell muff diving competition.

Now I do understand why Serial Killer Cinema appeals to first time directors. For one thing, it's cheap. You can film the whole movie in a basement and have your killers filming themselves on digital video (August Underground Mordum) or have your budding Bundy keep a video diary of his kills (The Last Horror Movie). Your film is then made more hand held documentary style, and you don't have to worry about complicated and expensive camera set ups. Now for the record, I really liked Fred Vogel's August Underground movies. They were very gratuitous, and I felt like I needed a shower afterwards, but that was good! Those films made me feel very uncomfortable. The point is, they made me FEEL something! A lot of these types of movies leave you wishing you had watched two hours of Dancing with the Stars, rather than two hours watching a man stalk a woman, torture her, then kill her, followed by more of the same. But I digress. We are supposed to be talking about "H6: Diary of a Serial Killer."

When I first heard that H6 was being directed by Spanish painter Martin Garrido Baron, I



Fernando Asaco

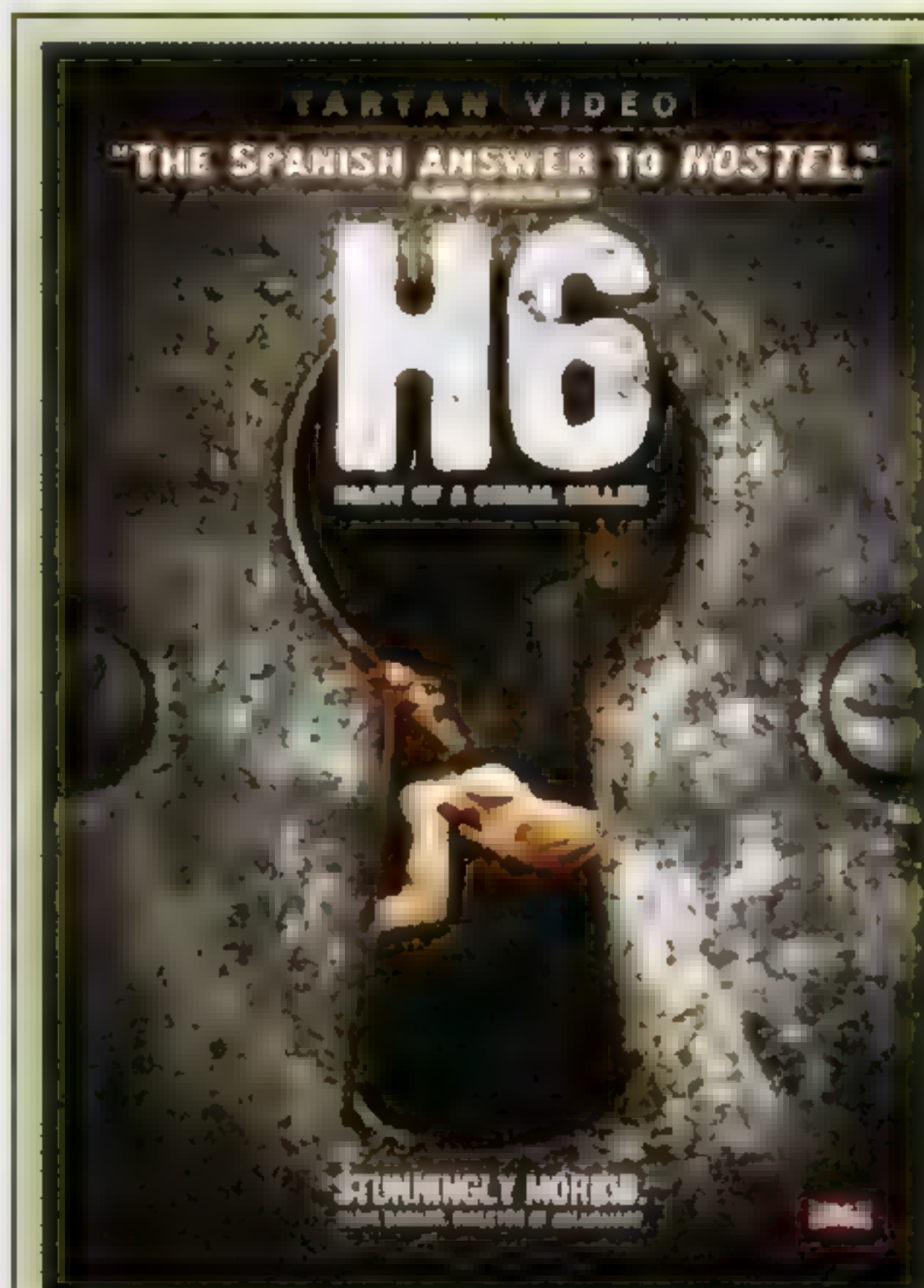
was pretty excited. I love it when painters or photographers turn their sights to other artistic mediums. Their artistic pedigree usually raises the film to a higher standard and visually enriches the overall film. H6 is no exception. You can tell that Martin Garrido Baron approached each frame of film as he would a blank canvas waiting to be painted on.

H6 follows the life of one Antonio Frau. A convicted killer who has just recently been freed from prison for the brutal, passion killing of his girlfriend.

Now back on the outside, he learns that he has just inherited an old brothel. Wow! Happy days are here again! Being a Serial Killer-in-Training, Antonio marries one of the women who corresponded with him in prison, becomes a master chef (a la Dahmer) and starts planning his 15 minutes of fame. Antonio wants to be a famous Serial Killer. He creates a room covered in plastic, and brings up his hooker friends for some fun and games. The game goes something like this: I tie you up spread eagle, I let you starve for three days, we play hide the salami, you're thirsty so I pour urine in your mouth and then finally I chop you up with a chainsaw. Repeat.

The police get wind of Antonio's extra curricular activities and pay him a visit.

What follows is a game of wits between cops and killer. Who comes out on top? You'll have to watch the film. And yes, I do recommend it. It's not the most original serial killer movie to come down the pike in recent years (That would be



DVD released: Nov 21st, 2006

Approximate running time: 91 minutes

Rating: Not Rated

DVD Release: Tartan Video

Cast: Starring Fernando Asaco

Directed by: Martin Garrido Baron

Genre(s): Horror, Thriller

Synopsis: Recently freed after 25 years for killing his girlfriend, Antonio Frau (Fernando Asaco) has just inherited an old motel from a relative he never knew. Old habits die hard and Antonio takes this as a sign from God to begin 'cleansing' those who have lost the will to live. He leads his naive victims to room 6 where he purifies them through excruciating pain and blood-soaked torture, while at the same time, continuing his everyday life next to his new wife.

Katiebird: Certifiable Crazy Person), but I did enjoy the film.

EXTRAS

- Interview with Director Martin Garrido Baron.
- Interview with Actor Fernando Asaco.
- Original Theatrical Trailer.

FINAL THOUGHTS

Although the director makes some novice mistakes in his debut feature, I did enjoy the film and plan on watching a couple more times to see what nuances I missed the first time around. So if you are a fan of serial killer cinema, this one is worth checking out. Should you buy it for your collection? Only you can answer that.

Order this and other movies on DVD from Tartan Video at: www.tartanvideousa.com



The Corpse Guitar

"Bouncing Soul Greg Attonito refers to it as "an unbelievable guitar" and a "beautiful instrument." And who wouldn't agree with that?

Created from a Fender-styled neck, the body is built out of a special composite of maple, basswood, and poly-resin, which makes it not only vicious looking, but extremely resonant as well. Combined with a simplified single EMG 81 setup, and the sustain is endless.

This also features an IKON CUSTOM original design, dubbed the "Tailstock", specially created to make way for radical headstocks, like the "corpse-hand".

"I've never played anything like it," said Girls and Corpses Stephan Miller. "It not only looks radical, it plays and sounds better than my custom Jackson."

The body carving is heavily influenced by the old horror-gore flicks of the 80's like "The Evil Dead" and "Dead Alive", and of course the lovely corpses of Kevin Klemm's Ed Gein Collection.

The sick-looking strap was created by the almighty Dark Lord, a great artist we respect, and was kind enough to donate his talents to create such a sick masterpiece.

Complete Guitar Specifications:

Maple set-neck construction, string-through corpse-hand maple, basswood, composite body - rosewood fretboard with MOP dot inlays

EMG 81, volume and tone pots

Chrome and gold hardware

DR coated strings, peacock blue

<http://www.myspace.com/ikonicstrings>

Greg Attonito of the Bouncing Souls

The Perfect Day

In the life of a corpse

6:00 a.m.	Open eye-sockets in coffin (<i>Wipe off maggots</i>)	2:00 – 2:15	Happy Ending
6:00 – 6:30	Dig out.	2:15 – 3:00	Acid bath
6:35 7:00 a.m.	Delousing shower	3:30 – 4:30	Dirt nap
7:00 – 7:30	Jog in mist filled cemetery	4:30 – 5:00	Hearse arrives
7:30 – 7:45	Breakfast (<i>Fresh blood, scrambled brains, hot embalming fluid</i>)	5:30 – 6:30	Ice-cold maggottinis on Neptune Society yacht
7:45 – 8:00	Pinch a maggot loaf (<i>read sports section</i>)	6:30 – 7:30	Read <i>Girls and Corpses Magazine</i>
8:00 -8:15	Hearse arrives	7:30 – 8:30	Dinner (<i>barbecued zombie, brain salad, blood whine</i>) followed by Brandy (or Cindy) and smoking a couple of fine Cubans (or Lithuanians)
8:30 – 11:30	Morgue	8:30 – 9:30	Sex (<i>with at least two hot dead women</i>)
1:45 – 1:15 ..	Lunch (<i>frosty mug of formaldehyde beer and rotting hunk of flesh</i>)	9:30 – 10:00	Stiffs dress and leave
1:30 – 2:00	Deep bone massage	10:00	Coffin (<i>crisp white satin interior, puffy new cranial pillow</i>)



Photo courtesy of Dapper Cad.



THE HILLS
HAVE EYES
2

foxatomic.com

SwingShiftSideShow.com





Hollie Stevens does a BOZO No-No





Going where no XXX porn star has gone before... Clown Porn!

Interview by Corpsy



I sat down at lunch with the blond bodacious porn star Hollie Stevens and tried not to get thrown out of the restaurant as I asked her what the world is dying to know...

G&C: When did you first get involved in *Clown Porn*?

HS: About two years ago. I got an email from producers in San Diego saying: "This sounds a little bizarre... this is a comedy (keep in mind) but it would involve you being a clown or having sex with clowns. Interested?"

G&C: What was your reaction?

HS: (laughs) Well, I like to do different things, and it was something I've never done before, so I was willing to give it a shot.

G&C: Is *Clown Porn* more Marx Brothers or more Fashionistas?

HS: It's more like *Kentucky Fried Movie* but porno style and everyone happens to be clowns.

G&C: So is it supposed to be more a turn-on or just funny?

HS: A little bit of both. It will make you laugh possibly and have to masturbate and cry, a lot, afterwards (laughs).

G&C: Crying and masturbating -- isn't that what sad, lonely people do anyhow?

HS: Laughing-crying-masturbating-all at once. A lot of mixed emotions.

G&C: Do you think sex with clowns is a real fetish?

HS: Some guy emailed me saying, "I saw your movie and now I have this weird thing for wanting to have sex with clowns and I don't know what to do about it." He was emailing me for advice, like I should know what do about it!

G&C: On the scale of weird things that you've done, where does this rank, and what are some of those fetish things that

led up to *Clown Porn*?

HS: Well, nothing really compares to *Clown Porn* (laughs), except maybe *Girls and Corpses* (laughs). I mean there's 'things' I have done, like fetish wise and stuff that's pretty extreme.

G&C: So spill. Our readers need to know.

HS: You know, water bondage, electroplay, which is frightening.

G&C: What is electroplay? Like Etch-a-Sketch for perverts?

HS: I did it once and will never do it again. Mistress Donna, the girl who runs it, she's a friend of mine, she's really cool. I just didn't realize that my nipples were the primary target and that was the first thing she did was hook up these wire clamps to them... brought a tear to my eye, literally.

G&C: What's it like when they hook you up to all this shocking equipment like sticking jumper cables on your...?

HS: Yeah, (laughs) it's pretty crazy, because you have no control over it, and it drives you just insane.

G&C: So how many orgasms did you wind up having?

HS: Uh, about three or four...

G&C: Hundred?

HS: No, not that many! (laughs).

G&C: How many clowns do you do in *Clown Porn*?

HS: I think five other clowns. It's kind of bizarre doing guys dressed up as clowns. I couldn't stop laughing, really. Then you kind of get in this zoned-out stage thinking: I'm doing it with clowns (laughs).

G&C: Did it freak you out?

HS: I was never afraid of clowns or anything. There was no like special thing with clowns. They were just at my birthday party every year.

G&C: Ever see the movie Stephen King movie *It*?

HS: Yeah, a lot of people have issues with clowns because they saw *It* as a child. When I was a kid I used to always have clowns at my birthday parties, and I had this friend who was terrified of clowns, so I purposefully invited her just to see her freak out and cry. It was really evil, but I thought it was so funny. And she would just run around hysterically.

G&C: Is that when your early dominatrix instincts kicked in?

HS: Uh-huh (evily giggles).

G&C: So, are clowns good at sex?

HS: Oh yeah.

G&C: Do they have like a red pecker?

HS: No, nothing like that (laughs).

G&C: So, seriously, where do you draw the line? For instance, would you tie-up a clown?

HS: Yeah, I would.

G&C: How about a clown gang-bang?

HS: I just wouldn't do a gang-bang in general.

G&C: What if a pink VW bug pulled up and twenty clowns came out ready to have sex with you?

HS: No. (laughing), It's too many clowns. I'd get claustrophobic (laughs).

G&C: But you won an AVN award for "Best All Female Sex Scene," right? By the way, did all of you in the scene get nominated for that, or did they just specify you?

HS: No, it was all of us.

G&C: Did you all celebrate your win together, in a vat of Wesson Oil?

HS: We didn't, actually.

G&C: I asked Belladonna this too, but do you ever socialize on the outside of

work with other porn stars? Go bowling or play badminton?

HS: I really don't. I mean, it's strange, like my friends and everybody in the industry, I only have like maybe only a handful of porn friends. The rest of my friends are all comedians.

G&C: But usually co-workers get together at the office and they have office parties and barbecues. Why don't porn people get together and have a party and play naked Yahtzee?

HS: Well, the Christmas Party is always interesting — eventually somebody is going to get on the bar and get naked, and you know all chaos will break loose.

G&C: So, what do you do — screw under the mistletoe?

HS: Sometimes, yeah. It's either a mix of that or somebody in the toilet or maybe both at the same time.

G&C: Are there any adult stars with whom you'd like to work? Like Belladonna, whom I helped you hook up with for movie.

HS: There's really no one specific. There's people that you look at and think "Wow, she's pretty hot." But for me it's somebody that I really know I'm going to get along with beforehand. There's several porn girls that are prima donnas — yeah, they ARE hot, and I guess they have a reason to be that way, but their attitude is a complete turn-off. So, as far as working with anyone, it would just have to be someone who's very cool.

G&C: Do you ever bump into porn co-workers in the canned goods aisle at the supermarket?

HS: Yeah, but I'm really bad with names and when I see them at the supermarket or a party, and it's like, "Hey, you... how's it going?" It's a little awkward.

G&C: Tell us about your new *Clown Porn-Crime Watch* movie you have coming out. How does the second one differ from *Clown Porn* #1. Just please don't tell me that *Clown Porn* #2 is about...

HS: Noooo, (laughs). Basically, for the sequel, the training wheels have now been taken off for this second movie.

G&C: Wow, what could be crazier than clowns (except maybe corpses and clowns)?

HS: Well, with the first one we were really experimenting with a lot of things. We really didn't know what was going on. This next one is on another level. It's a lot funnier. It's cop security as clowns.

G&C: Is there a storyline, or do people just walk in and clowns start boffing?

HS: There's kind of a storyline. It's like watching the cop shows. There's a redneck clown, you know, the drug busts...it's very entertaining.

G&C: Who do you play in *Clown Porn Crime Watch*? Is Fred the Wonder Chicken making another cameo?

HS: It's clowns dressed as cops and having lots of sex while eating donuts. I play two characters — a robber and some kind of colonial woman. I really didn't understand that one.

G&C: Are still throwing pies at each other?

HS: Naturally.

G&C: Is there more clown-girl-on-clown-girl action again?

HS: Yeah, and by the end of the scenes my face is usually turned purple (laughs).

G&C: And are you planning a third in the *Clown Porn* trilogy?

HS: Yes. The third one's going to be a western.

G&C: What would you like to see on *Clown Porn* that they haven't done yet? What scene haven't you done?

HS: Well, they haven't really done a full-on carnival scene yet. They haven't added the whole cotton candy concession man or anything.

G&C: Are there any porn scenes that you remember, that were particularly difficult or were memorable for either being funny, bad or strange experiences?

HS: I was doing a scene and I was with this actor Randy Speers. We were doing it doggie style and just as he's grunting, "oh oh I'm gonna ..." he rips a big one and everyone in the room just lost it. I fell on the ground laughing. He was trying to apologize to me, but I was laughing way too hard.

G&C: Farting is one of the great comic staples. It's the only gag that hits all of your senses at once.

HS: Yeah, right (laughs)

G&C: Who is the director and creator of *Clown Porn*? Scorsese? Spielberg? Bergman?

HS: His name is Chris Spoto, and he is a very funny man.

G&C: Are you the primary lead female in *Clown Porn* or are there other female clowns?

HS: I'm pretty much the lead. It's me and then Zenova Braeden. I do most of the sex



scenes with the guys, too. I guess I'm the one who can most tolerate having sex with clowns.

G&C: What was the first porn scene you ever did?

HS: It was your typical solo thing, but it was really lame. My very first scene ever was with this girl Bridgette Kirkoff and a guy, Julian. This is another funny story. Bridget is like an Anal Queen, right? That means she can take very large objects up her butt.

G&C: I'm listening...

HS: Well, somehow she can put a hundred chopsticks up her butt. That was like her big thing and she was known for that, I guess.

G&C: After thirty minutes did she still want more chopsticks up her ass?

HS: Yeah (laughs). Anyhow, Julian was very 'large,' and he's giving it to her up her rear and all you can do is just sit there and stare in shock and disbelief because I'd never seen anything like that up close and personal, and the director was yelling at me, like, "Holly, get your ass over there and do something!" and I'm like, "I don't think there is anything I can do to top this!"

G&C: So, you were just an observer?

HS: I was... in shock.

G&C: Was it terrifying? Like your first time seeing Shamu at Seaworld?

HS: It was like Ripley's Believe it or Not.

G&C: Then what happened?

HS: Well, it was like a whole three-way thing but then it ended with her getting it up the butt.

G&C: You'd been with women off-screen. This wasn't your first on camera lesbian scene?

HS: Oh, no, no.

G&C: Do you prefer women, personally?

HS: It kind of depends on my mood and the person. I've never actually 'dated' a chick. The girls that I fool around with are just friends. It seems like when I tried to have a relationship with a girl, there was even more drama because you not only have to worry about her looking at other girls — but other guys too. So, eventually, chicks get really jealous. I don't want to deal with that.

G&C: What's something sexually that a regular guy shouldn't do, that is just for porn and shouldn't be attempted in the real world?

HS: Well, there's the 'reverse cow girl,' and if I need to explain in porn terms, it's basically when the chick's on top of you and you flip her around and she's staring at your

feet.

G&C: You mean a 69?

HS: No, you know, a girl is normally on top facing you and you turn her around and instead of facing you, she's facing your feet.

G&C: Oh, you mean sitting on top of you — and facing the guy's feet — squatting.

HS: Yeah, what girl would want to do that? OK, she's thinking to herself, obviously he doesn't like the front side of me or something.'

G&C: But isn't doggie-style bringing up the same issue?

HS: No. No. Since you're on top, it's harder on the girls legs too, 'cause they kind of have to sit up — like a frog, almost, on top. I'm sure a lot of girls get very self conscious about that. It's just so the camera can see everything. And guys just don't get that. They see it on a porn site and they think, 'hoo-ahh,' that's a cool sex position — and it's not for the girl.

G&C: And, of course in porn, there's the obligatory "money shot."

HS: For me, personally, I'd rather not get it like that. Especially, if it gets in your hair. I have really long thick hair and it's such a pain to wash it and then to blow dry it.

G&C: And we've all seen *There's Something about Mary*.

HS: Yeah, except she had short hair, so it wouldn't have been as big a deal to wash.

G&C: Don't porn guys now take some sort of stuff to make them have more baby batter?

HS: There are all these things that guys do to try to make it thicker—more of it— or taste better

G&C: Is it true that porn guys don't have sex for a few days beforehand?

HS: Oh, some do, some don't. Guys are all different. I've heard different ways to do stuff — like eat fruit. I don't know if it works or not, I'm not a guy, so I've never tried those things.

G&C: Are you one of those 'special girls' that can ejaculate?

HS: I have before, except mine doesn't shoot straight out, it just kind of dribbles.

G&C: There are some that are known for squirting it out — like ten feet.

HS: It's very real. I've seen it.

G&C: Is it hard to date a regular guy when they're going to try and compete sexually with some porn star? Do you ever date porn stars?



HS: Well, I've tried to date porn guys before and they're really, well the guys that I dated were really lame!

G&C: Like dumb blond chicks? No offense.

HS: Yeah! Like total dumb blonds and everything. Actually, I've been able to date guys who have no problem with what I do.

G&C: Are you into bondage in your personal life, or is that just for show?

HS: I'm into it, yeah. But some of the best sex I've ever had is just missionary position. I don't need to be hanging upside down — I love having sex on a bed, you know. That's probably one of the greatest creations ever.

G&C: But there's also some really brutal porn out there and I can understand why women's groups freak out about it because there actually are certain girls that want to be humiliated and abused.

HS: Yeah, there are girls like that. I knew some who were and it was kind of sad. You know, it's like, wow, where did that start? You kind of wonder.

G&C: Why do you want to dominate women?

HS: It's fun.

G&C: What type of women do you like?

HS: You know I used to think I liked blond chicks but every girl I ever hooked up with was a short brunette.

G&C: Have you ever had a situation where you were doing bondage and felt like it was going too far and you had to use your safe word?

HS: One time, I was tied up and this guy hit me with a riding crop, really hard on the bottom of my foot, which was extremely painful, and I didn't even say the word, I just turned around and gave him 'the look of death.' Like I knew as soon as the ropes are coming off, if he did it again, he would be in a lot of trouble, you know. That one I didn't actually say the 'safe word.'

G&C: So that was the only time where you felt like it was going too far?

HS: There was that and there was another tie...

G&C: What's a "tie?"

HS: There are different ties that they do in bondage. This one was a hard tie, but instead of my head being able to lay down, my arms and everything are back and up, and my head was pulled back. I had a real big piece of my hair pulling my head back and it was at the point where I couldn't breathe because I couldn't put my head down or it was going to like totally rip my hair out. That was the point where I had to tell them to stop. And it's funny because they have photos of me with a nervous laugh on my face through the entire thing.

G&C: Did you train to do this? Is there a College of Bondage, or did you take a correspondence course?

HS: No. I pretty much subbed a lot and if you are a good sub you can become a good domme because you kind of learn just by subbing. It's how I got into it.

G&C: Tell us about your recent bondage injury story.

HS: I showed up at a shoot in Long Beach thinking that I was doing just a basic bondage shoot. However, the guy quickly informed me that he wanted to do three different suspensions. I didn't have any problem with this but, he didn't have anyone there to assist him and he was kind of an older guy. I assumed that he knew what he was doing though. Anyway, he tells me that the first suspension that he wants to do is an ankle suspension (I'm being hung upside down by my ankles). He shows me the restraints that he's going to use, and they were not meant for suspensions. They basically looked like two thin strips of padded cloth. He puts them around my ankles, hooks me up to some sort of pulley system and I'm up in the air (about a foot or two) when all of a sudden I hear something rip. I then fell head first onto the hard floor. I went to the hospital a few days later and found out that I had a torn ligament. I had to wear a neck brace for three weeks. I wasn't too pleased about that.

G&C: Ouch! Moving on... what's the strangest, sickest thing you've seen as a domme?

HS: I have friends that are doms who are completely psychotic, that's why they're my friends, I guess, but they have told me some disturbing stories.

G&C: Oh pray tell...

HS: Like projectile vomiting and Roman showers.

G&C: Waiter, check!

HS: Yeah, I was informed about this recently. My friend was like, "Oh I did a Roman shower today. They're not legal here but nobody really knows." I'm like... ummmm... o.k.

G&C: I think that I would throw up watching a Roman shower.

HS: I would too. Just hearing about it I was like what, why?

G&C: Did she really toss her cookies on him?!

HS: Yeah, she threw up on him because she was 'domme-ing' so like, it's like really gross.

G&C: I'm amazed she can do that on cue. Do they have something that makes them puke? Like reading *Girls and Corpses* magazine?

HS: (laughs) I don't know. I didn't really ask her. I think she can just do it with their stomach.

G&C: That's a good thing to have on your resume. Do you think there's a film in the future called *Roman Clown Shower*?

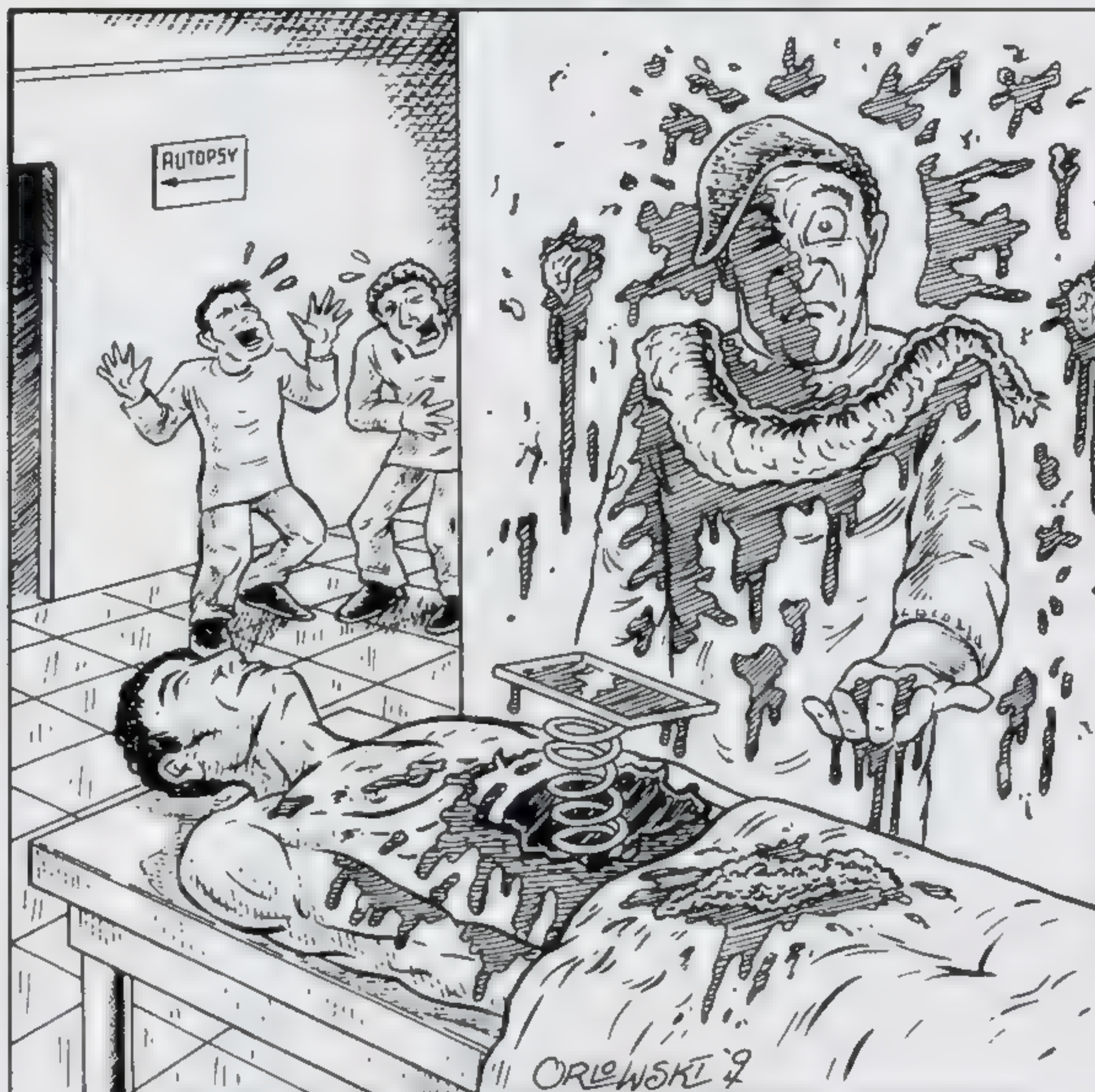
HS: (laughs) Probably not.

G&C: Clowns puking banana pie on each other? Come on!

HS: I really don't think it would sell.

G&C: Oh... you wait!

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HE EATS THE BAD GUYS.

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AKA "SUPER CANNIBAL"



Hustler's LARRY FLYNT rejoices at receiving his copy of the Girls and Corpses Calendar. Thanks Mr. Flynt for being the flag bearer for First Amendment rights. It's because of brave men like you that Girls and Corpses Magazine is possible.

Croak Au Vin (Bone in)

"I'm Cuckoo for Croak Au Vin!"

The trick to this cannibal dish is to marinate your carcass for two days in lye, formaldehyde and Rhine wine.

135 pound cut up homo sapien (young Friar).
1/2 c. all-purpose ashes
6 sm. bunions (1 to 1 1/2 inch in diameter)
1 dash tears
1/4 tsp. freshly grated callous
1 cup liposuction fat
1/2 lb. moles: washed, trimmed and quartered
1 Carrot Top, halved and cut into 2-inch lengths

1 c. cadaver broth or dissolved person cube in 1 c boiling water
3 c. red burgundy blood (Rhine wine)
2 hands crushed
1 politician pulverized
1 submissive, whipped
2 morons minced
A pinch of Saul and Pepe
Bouquet Barney

BOUQUET BARNEY: Find a guy name Barney. Then, tie his eyeballs, 1 bay queef and 2 large sprigs nose hair in a cheesecloth body bag.

If desired, bone body parts (with chainsaw). Wash cadaver parts and pat dry. In a really huge skillet, render liposuction fat.

Mix funeral flour, Saul and Pepe. Coat chicken parts with ashes. Brown body parts in human lard. Push body to one side; add callous, bunions and submissive. Stir until bunions are tender. (Do not allow submissive to brown, unless they ask, "May I brown Mistress?").

Drain off fat. Add cadaver broth, blood wine, and the Bouquet Barney.

Bring to a boil, reduce heat and simmer for 15 minutes. Add crushed hands, Carrot Top, politician and simmer, uncovered, for 30 to 45 minutes more or until Carrot Top's flesh is tender.

In the fat drippings, brown the carcass. Add 2 tablespoons Grey Pompeii.

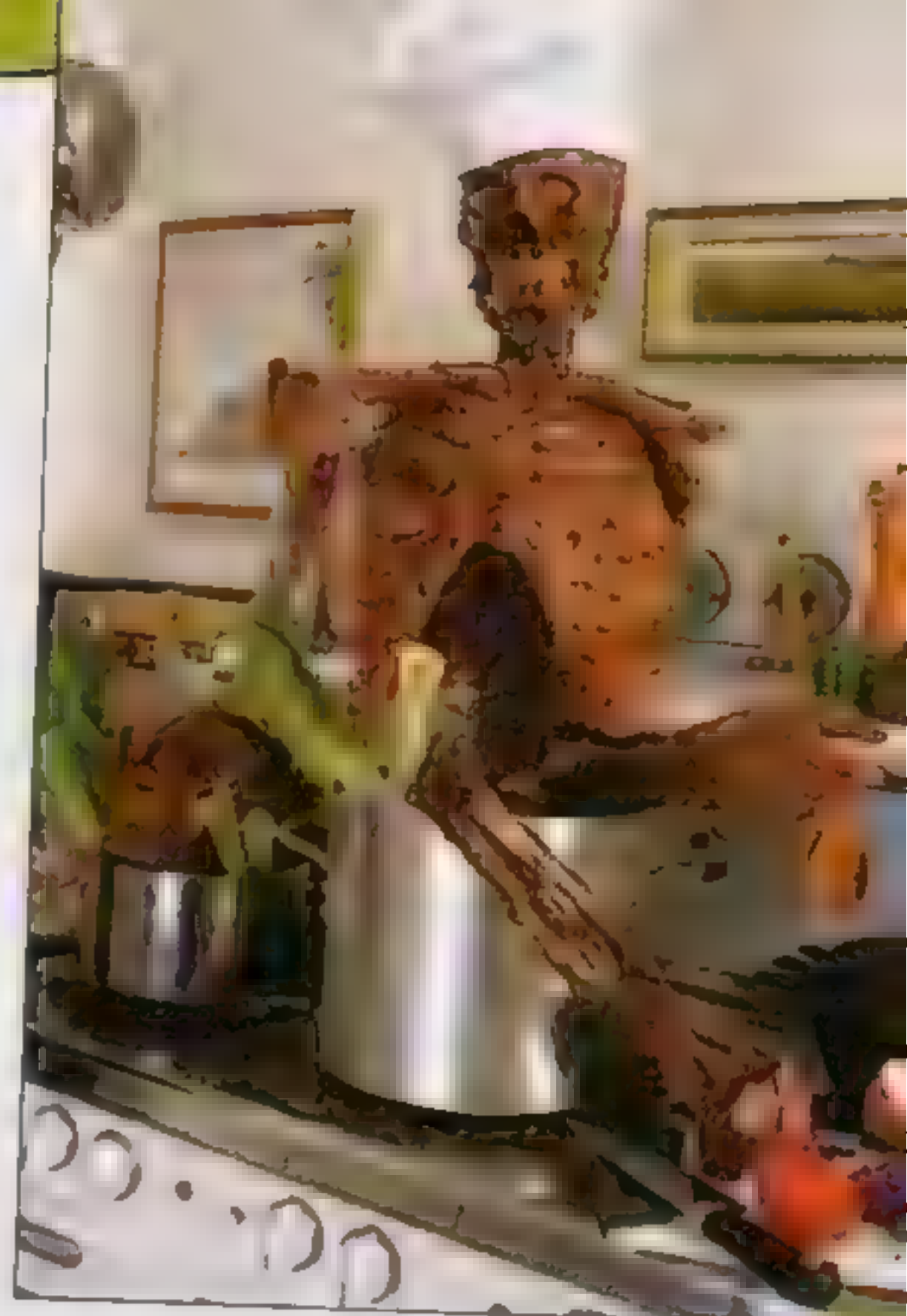
TO SERVE: Remove cadaver, bunions, calluses, Carrot Top and submissive to a heated coffin with a slotted spoon. Remove Bouquet Barney and grind politician in garbage disposal.

Thicken blood by stirring in 1 to 2 tablespoons ashes and simmering for a few minutes. Spoon gooey sauce over body parts.

Serve remaining sauce as an accompaniment. Skim off excess lipo-fat. Serve in pan in which Croak Au Vin was cooked or a shallow serving sarcophagus.

If desired, sprinkle corpse with snipped fresh fingernails and a dap of duck butter.

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Jim Smith

By R. S. Rhine

We interview famed animator and illustrator Jim Smith — co-creator of “Ren & Stimpy” and life as we know it.

Jim Smith has been a lead animator and storyboard artist at Dreamworks, Nickelodeon, Spumco, Warner Bros. Animation, Cartoon Network, Ralph Bakshi, DIC and many others. But what we really wanted to know... Are Ren & Stimpy gay?

[Deaditor's note: For this interview, Jim Smith's voice will be portrayed by Mr. Haney from "Green Acres"]

G&C: So... Jim....when did you get out of prison?

JS: Soon after I had a reach-around from your mom — my cellmate. What kind of a freak ass question is that? Like when did you ever stop bugging your grandmother? %\$&#\$!@#!!!

G&C: I understand that you are going to write a prison cooking book called How to Toss a Salad. Is this just salad recipes, or more?

JS: It's not just about salad. It's also dating advice. Great care must be taken when tossing a salad because those tongs can be mighty intrusive. Believe me you.

G&C: So, getting serious (ahem)... You are co-founder of the infamous animation studio Spumco and the co-creator of one of the darkest and funniest animated comedy series in TV history, “Ren & Stimpy.” How did that historical and hysterical show come about? And how much drugs were involved?

JS: Well, after I invented John Kricfalusi, I begat him Ten Commandments — and one of them was coming up with a show about a chihuahua and a cat that would have much bodily function humor and would revolutionize and gross out the cartoon world. To be kind of serious about it... John K had a presentation called “Your Gang” which was a satire

of “Our Gang,” with the Little Rascals and Buckwheat, and the show was about a bunch of kids in the neighborhood, and two of the characters who were secondary characters were Ren and Stimpy — just incidental background characters, like the dog in Little Rascals, you

know (with the black patch around his eye). Well, this show was pitched to every network in town, multiple times, and it always got the same reaction. They would laugh like they were peeing their pants and then they'd say, “We can't do it.”



So I would now like to take the opportunity to thank all those who turned down "Ren and Stimpy" and say to you... what were you, "STUPID!!... Boy, did you fuck up!"

So finally, John K. pitched "Ren & Stimpy" to Nickelodeon, who at the time was starting a program block featuring new cartoon shows from unknown creators. Besides "Ren and Stimpy," at the same time they also launched the shows "Doug" and "Rugrats", etc.

Nick eventually bought four of these properties and put them on the air, and the rest is hysteria. In the beginning, they ran "Ren & Stimpy" on MTV because they thought it was too corrosive for children — but as soon as it started to build momentum on MTV they moved it to Sunday mornings as part of the new Nick block. From there it really took off.

G&C: So, there was first a "Ren & Stimpy" pilot?

JS: Initially, we were contracted to do a short cartoon called "Big House Blues" which was produced almost entirely by Spumco, which consisted of five people: John K., myself, Lynne Naylor (I hardly touched her), Bob Camp, Henry Porch. Bob Jacques primarily did the animation at his company called Carbunkle. After "Big House Blues" was played at festivals and on MTV, it was decided to make it a series, which is where it started and finally found an audience. The short was made in 1990 and the series came in 1991 — while we were bombing the be-Jesus out of Saddam Hussein the first time.

G&C: Is it true that you captured stray cats to study Stimpy and got arrested when they found two hundred cats in your apartment — all stuffed? Any comments?

JS: My law firm, Dewey, Pincher and Loaf, advised me not to comment on that.

G&C: What's the true story about what happened with "Ren & Stimpy" and the network? Were you fired? Or did you quit?

JS: Short version. Yes and no. We weren't technically fired. What happened was that the communication started breaking down and a huge gap was growing betwixt Spumco and "Drop-a-loadeon," mostly over huge disagreements about content. Before we knew it, Nick had decided to take over the show and instead of firing us outright, they just stopped paying us and eventually hired away half of our studio personnel and set up their own production facility in Hollywood to finish the second season. Eventually, they produced five seasons using stories and premises created at Spumco. The tech side stayed high but the content started to become medi-awkward — the execution was sub-standard — in my humble fuckin' o-pin-yun.

G&C: You started out as a rodeo clown, a toothbrush salesman and a musician. Where did you play? Did you ever tour?

JS: When I got of high school I set out to be a famous beloved musician playing 'geetar' and started playing with assorted Holiday Inn-type bands (Devil Hard Rock). One notable example was called Devil's Wall. And we actually sold our souls to the devil in that



band but didn't get a very good price for them. Satan shortchanged us! I hope to see him someday and get my money back.

But most of the bands were airport lounge type bar with drunkards in leisure suits and Barry Manilow type songs. Not that there's anything wrong with that — it's just not my deal. After about ten years of traveling the U S of A, discouragement (see depression) set in. Then one cloudy day I was smoking some really extra good crop from Northern Mexico and someone was playing Fantasia on the television and I had an epiphany and I knew I

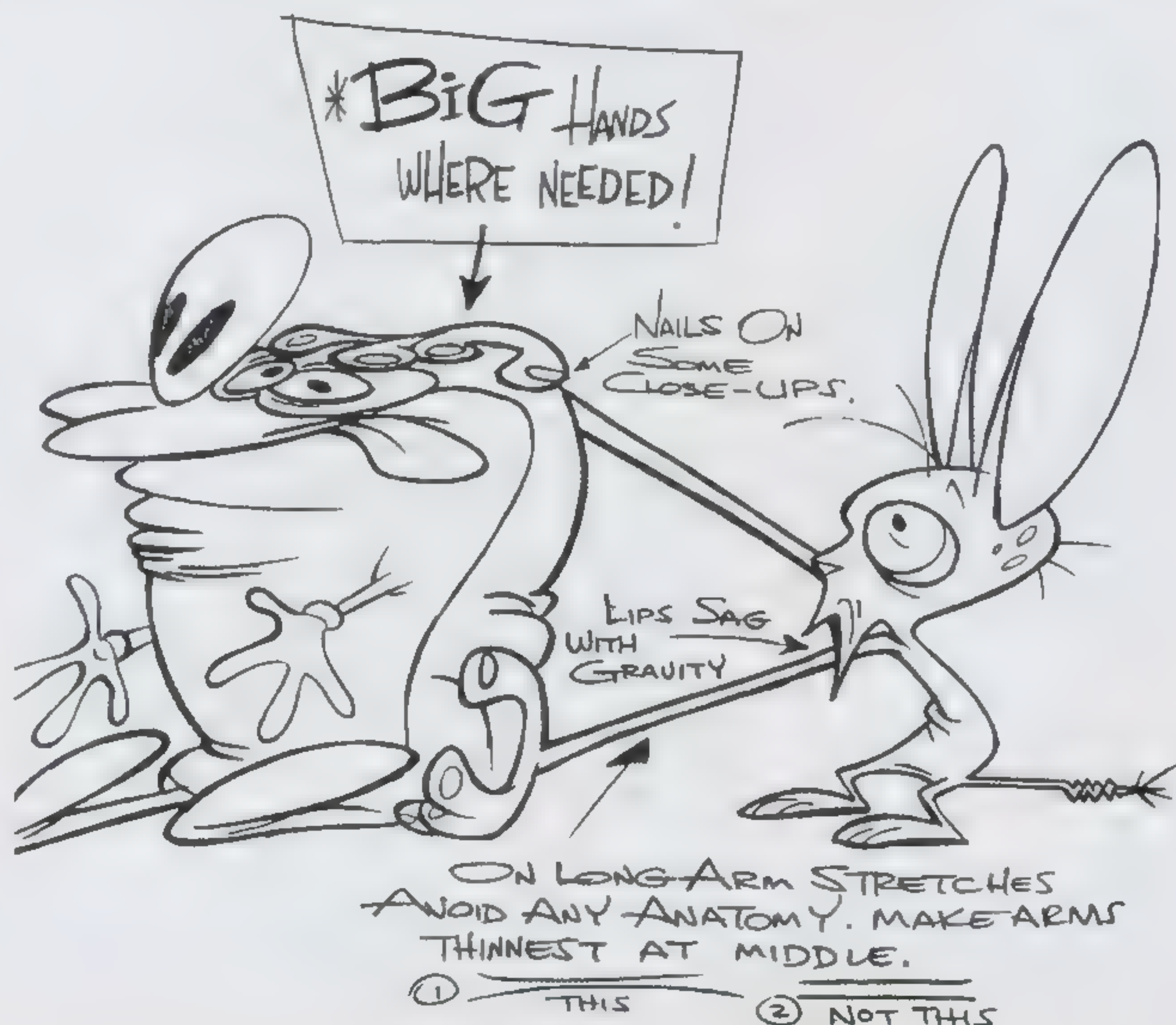
could fly (but that's another story), and then it hit me that music and cartoons together pack a powerful wallop. It just hit me upside my head, whoomp there it is — whomp there it is (oh, where was I). Anyhow, I found me a gig in Houston, Texas, at a local anee-mation studio called Jim Scott Studios (VMI) and he taught me how to operate everything in the animation studio like run a camera, paint stills, sound editing, making coffee, sweeping floors, unstopping the toilet (there was only one turlet for five of us). By that time the animation bug had crawled so far up into my intestinal tract that I realized (with Jim Scott's recommendation) that I should move to the West coast to 'Kalefornee' where all the cartoon studios were located.

G&C: Who came up with the band name Freehead. What does it mean?

JS: It was an old New Orleans French name -- Phreaux-haut, which means 'delicate flower in my ass.' What really happened was we were trying to come up with a band name and one guy said, "How about Free Beer?! Everyone will come to hear us play!" Another topped that and suggested, "How about Free Dope, and then Richie Hass, the drummer, said how about Free Head?! (as a joke) and we kind of looked at each other and... a band was born. It has a certain Joe-no-say-qua.

G&C: You wrote the rock-a-billy theme song for Ren & Stimpy and even played it on guitar. Did you improvise or write the song?

JS: We had a Spumco in-house band called "The Screaming Lederhosen" and we went into the recording studio and said we had to come up with something fast so we came up with a "Rock-Around-the Clock"



meets "Wipeout" with a little bit of Chiano's "Bongo Fury" (an African pop tune from the early '60s featuring bongo drums played with sticks — which was the trademark sound of that tune).

All the guitar parts were made up by me on the spot using the Billy Haley's guitar rhythm and a little bit of Rock-a-Billy and country fried chicken pickin'. The theme song at the end of the show is a tribute to Howlin' Wolf's "Killing Floor." And besides Wolf, I was deeply into Hendrix, Pink Floyd (although Floyd had left the band at that time), Albert King (the legendary blues guitarist) and Albert Lee (the amazin' English chickin' picker country guitarist — who was raised on grits and gravy).

G&C: Whom do you admire sexually?

JS: Grandma.

G&C: Have you dated any dead women? What do you do about the smell?

JS: Besides my ex-wife...nobody. The smell was okay (Jim coughs here) but the stuffing wasn't so hot.

G&C: I understand you used to stay up late as a kid to watch TV and Jim Nabors sing on Lawrence Welk?

JS: Funny you should mention it. I do remember watching Jim Nabors sing on Gomer Pyle and he talked in that backwoods, inbred, reetard hillbilly twang and then he could break into a singing voice like Pavarotti.

G&C: The world needs to know — Are Ren & Stimpy gay?



JS: One need only to look at the new series of Ren and Stimpy produced for Spike TV to know that the answer is a resounding — fuck if I know. Actually, there is one episode called "Stimpy Gets Pregnant" and they do lots of pregnant-type humor with abortion humor thrown in. There was even reference to a coat hanger.

G&C: Have you slept with John K? Is that how you got the job?

JS: Actually, I've slept in John's bed and he nearly mounted me — no lie. I was at a party, got drunk early and found a place to

crash — which turned out to be his girlfriend Lynne's bed. As I was nodding off I felt this large human form sidling up to me and I hear John say, "You're not Lynne!"

I have also been probed by an alien. It didn't feel all that bad.

G&C: What's your favorite "Ren & Stimpy" episode? And why?

JS: My favorite episode would have to be "Rubber Nipple Salesman." Just the title alone justifies it as being a favorite. It contains some of the most twisted gags we ever 'thode' up, including the walrus protector gag.

G&C: What's your favorite "Ren & Stimpy" episode you wrote? (Or are your favorites just the ones you wrote?)

JS: The favorite one I wrote was "Space Madness" — and though I wasn't credited, the premise was mine and I storyboarded it and designed all the background and pretty much escorted it through the process — with a little help from John.

G&C: Which are some of the "Ren & Stimpy" characters you created, and which voices did you perform?

JS: I created most of the characters in the untamed World episode (the nature show spoof) and some characters for the pilot episode "Big House Blues," assorted dogs in the pound. I co-created the Yak, from the Yak shaving short piece, which was a spoof on Christmas. I was the narrator for the pilot episode and also performed various voices for TV announcers and grunt and squeals and a lot of assorted guitar episodes, using electro-ponic feedback and such.

G&C: Why do animators look like dweebs who never see the sunlight? Or, weigh like 800 pounds? Nothing personal.

JS: None taken. I admit. It's a peculiar phenomenon that's related to the average diet of the animation dweeb, which consists of Cheetos, Hot Pockets and orange sody water. Also, they have an acute tendency to acne. I



used to have acne that would give Jesus constipation.

G&C: Is it hard to get chicks being an illustrator? Or is it always hard?

JS: I'll take door number three, Bob. Wink.

G&C: Have often does the average animator get laid? More or less than say... a corpse?

JS: I'd say about fifty-fifty, Bob, give or take a few.

G&C: What do you think about the state of animation today?

JS: It's still a territory, Bob. It's not officially a state. But animation today is a whole heck of a lot better than when I came into it – which means I musta had something to do w/ it. The use of computer graphics has pretty much made anything possible, which has also had the unintended side effect of watering down much of the content in the interest of technical displays of prowess and fancy special effects. Like if one fart joke is funny – let's have a cast of a million farting at once!

G&C: Which animators do you look up to?

JS: Whose dress do I look up to? I would say John K. but he's got way too much publicity out of this already. I would pretty much say I look up to the whole crew of Pixar. John Lassiter is a genius of the rarest kind. Hell, I would wade through twenty tons of donkey diarrhea just to sniff his pencil. (By the way, I'm unemployed right now, Mr. Lassiter.)

G&C: Did you ever have to pull yourself back on "Ren and Stimpy"?

JS: The tendency was, when working for network television, is to edit yourself before submitting – and that can be a huge mistake. You should never edit yourself, because there are uptight cocksuckers who get paid way too much money to do it for you.

G&C: What did you censor yourself

from doing on the "Ren & Stimpy Show"?

JS: We didn't censor ourselves at all. We left that up to the butt munchers at the network. Although there was a tendency to edit ourselves, we resisted with all our almighty will-power and our daily drunkenness.

G&C: What was it like to work on Spumco's "Ripping Friends?" Whose idea was that show?

JS: Last person to ask me that question is wearing a Columbian necktie (*see Mafia). My memories of that show are so bitter. John K. came up with the name and the idea was his and mine and Lynne Naylor's and some friends at time who are no longer friends (I'm not naming names, but you know who you are: Bill, Fred Joe).

G&C: Tell about your experience of working on "Mighty Mouse: The New Adventures" with your longtime partner, John Kricfalusi.

JS: The exciting part of "Mighty Mouse" was getting to work with Ralph Bakshi, who is a force of nature and a dynamic duo in his own right. I also enjoyed getting to work with the team that included many people who went on to fame and fortune such as Bruce Timm, Jim Reardon, Tom Minton, Mike Kazelah, Lynne Naylor and the late great Kent Holliday.

G&C: How long were you on "Tiny Toon Adventures"? Was that a rewarding experience?

JS: My last memory on "Tiny Toons" was being loaded on mushrooms and dumping a load of dirty cat litter on the producer's floor.

G&C: What did you think of Bakshi's "Fritz The Cat"?

JS: I watched it at a drive-in under the influence of various pharmaceutical products. "Fritz" was Ralph's first big hit and pretty much left the door open for everything that followed. It was a big inspiration for John K., who wound up working for Ralph on the "Mighty Mouse" TV show.

G&C: You sound kinda funny when you

talk — like a big 'ol bucket of yee-haw. Teach us some Texas slang, good buddy.

JS: Here's a lesson on how to sound like you're from Texas: Put the accent on the first syllable of word. Fer instance:

Divorce = Dee-vorce

Police = Po-lice

Cement = See-meant

Sort of like what Jeff Foxworthy does in his routine, words run together and wind up with sentences like: Jeet-Jyet: (English Translation: Did you eat yet?)

Naw-Jew? (English Translation: No did you?)

Yont 2? (English Translation: Do you want to?)

G&C: Who's your favorite corpse?

JS: I don't know. When do you think you'll bite it?

G&C: You have created a new animated show called "Chestacles." What's it about? Wasn't it once called Testacles?

JS: "Chestacles" is my homage to Conan the Barbarian with a little bit of Hercules thrown in, and it is pretty much an excuse for me to make fun of mythology and tall tales from Texas like Pecos Bush and Paul Bunyan, etcetera. The original name was Testacles, but in finding myself in a meeting with children's network execs, I had to come up with a suitable alternative. Hence "Chestacles" was born.

G&C: You worked with famed Girls and Corpses Deaditor-in-Chief Robert Steven Rhine on his book "Satan's 3-Ring Circus of Hell." Tell us of your experience of working with him (bearing in mind that I'm asking you this question).

JS: Bobby is the sweetest, purdy-est man I ever and I'm a good friend with his... "Ouch! watch the teeth!"

G&C: Last question: Is it true that you are making a musical titled "Bukkake on Ice?" Or is that some sort of a new bar drink?

JS: Naw... not that I'm aware of (glurp). Hey, If you really want to impress the sushi chef at your local sushi bar, just say, "Arigato Bukkake san!"



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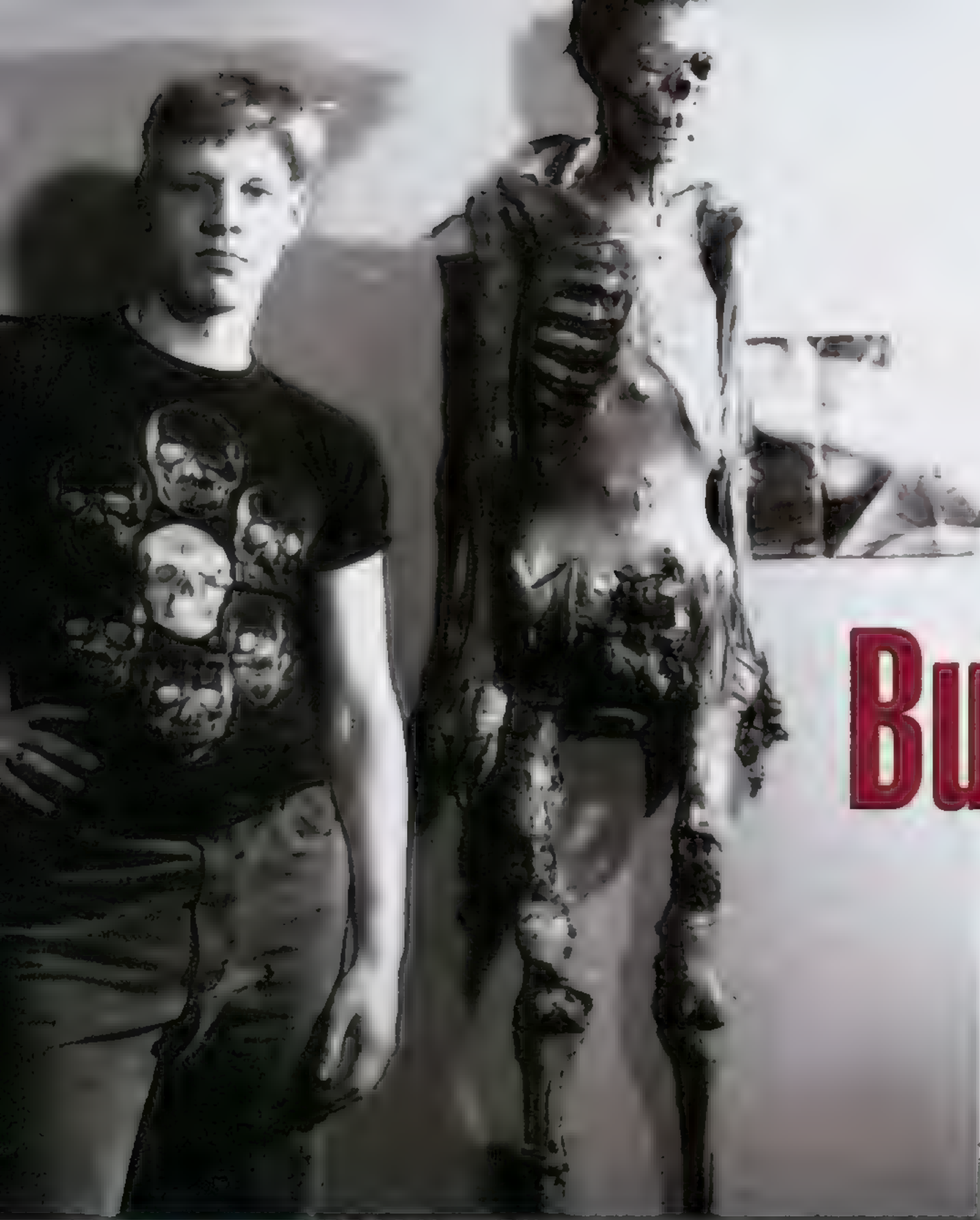
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Underground Renaissance Man

By Kevin Klemm

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An exclusive interview with Girls and Corpses magazine

THIS IS THE 20TH ANNIVERSARY OF NEKROMANTIK (1987): A street sweeper who cleans up after grisly accidents brings home a full corpse for him and his wife to enjoy sexually but is dismayed to see that his wife prefers the corpse over him. It's a graphic, low-budget gore-shocker about Rob and Betty, a couple of ordinary necrophiles who apparently don't mind if their dead sexual partners are not so fresh. Rob's job affords him the opportunity to bring home corpses and the odd body part; when he loses his job, he loses Betty, and Rob's life gets REALLY bizarre.

Twenty years ago a small, micro budget feature film was produced by Jorg Buttgereit concerning the necrophiliac lifestyle of a pair of young lovers. The film was Nekromantik, and it went down in history as the most controversial film ever made. Banned in just about every country in the world, it became the most bootlegged video of all time. If ever

there was ever a filmmaker destined to be in the pages of Girls and Corpses magazine, it would have to be Buttgereit. But Jorg is not an easy guy to track down. For one thing, he has no internet, and no e-mail, but we did manage to get his phone number in Berlin. Language barrier and 9-hour time difference be damned! We wanted to find out what he's been up to lately and we are proud to bring you this exclusive interview.

G&C: Jorg, you seem to have been off the film radar the last few years (at least here in the states). What have you been up to?

JB: I just wrote a German book on Japanese monster movies called Japan -- Die Monsterinsel. I grew up with those old Godzilla and Gamera movies. It is a film guide combined with interviews. I went to Japan to talk to the stars of my childhood like

Haruo Nakajima, the stuntman who played Godzilla from 1954 to 1972. I also did a whole bunch of weird radio plays for the nationwide station WDR.

I just finished my 8th radio play called "Captain Berlin versus Dracula." A superhero is fighting against the brain of Adolf Hitler and the prince of darkness.

In 2002 I did a radio play about Ed Gein called "Ed Gein Superstar." It was a scandal and only aired once.

Last year I wrote and directed the German version of the Punk-musical "Gabba Gabba Hey!" with music from The Ramones. It was a hit in Berlin and we went on tour across Germany. Tommy Ramone, the only surviving Member of The Ramones, gave me a hug after the premiere in Berlin. So, I guess he liked it too.

Right now I am releasing a book with



essays and photos for the 20th anniversary of *Nekromantik*.

G&C: *Nekromantik* put you on the map as a filmmaker. Next year will be its 20th anniversary. How does it feel to look back at it after all these years? Was it worth all the trouble? Could that film be made in Germany today?

JB: Times have changed. It is very easy now to produce your very own film. I wonder why there are no real good underground movies out there. The first *Nekromantik* was a protest against the strict censorship movement in Germany. Nearly every horror-film was cut during the '80s. A lot of films didn't make it to Germany. So I felt the need to produce an independent underground movie with a disturbing topic. I had already done a bunch of short films and had a small crew that was ready to work for free. We never received any film fund and we never asked

JB: I know Ittenbach and Schnaas. We meet at festivals. They are very nice and funny people. But I haven't seen a lot of the movies they did. There even was a plan to do a compilation movie in Spain with the 3 of us. But the Spanish production ran out of money.

G&C: Have you finally seen a relaxing in the German censorship laws the last few years, or is it still hard to make films in Germany?

JB: The censors are busy now with video and computer games. It should be easier to do unconventional films. But it is not happening. By the way, my films are not banned anymore in Germany. They are totally legal now and officially labeled as "art". We spent two years in court to get my films back on the market. After that victory we did wonderful DVDs of all my movies, the so called Special European editions with all kinds of extras,

subtitles and booklets. But the big shops are still afraid to sell my DVDs.

In the USA it should be very easy to obtain my films on DVD from Barrel Entertainment. My suicide-film *Der Todesking* is not out in the USA. But there will be a European edition pretty soon. The DVD will come with a nice Death-King dog-tag.

G&C: Your films have all explored the theme of death, especially *Der Todesking*. Why the fascination with death?

JB: We are all afraid of death. That's why we have to deal with it. In one way or another.

G&C: What I like best about your films is that to me they are exploitation art films. All of them have exploitation elements to them, but your shot composition is pure art. I can tell that a lot of thought

"Most of the time I already have the pictures in my head before shooting."

for a certification or anything. I was also bored by most of those uninspired horror movies. Sex and death is a theme that was visible in every horror film. But it was always connected with supernatural rubbish. Was it worth the trouble? You tell me.

G&C: What is the state of German cinema today? Is it stagnant right now, or are there some exciting filmmakers on the horizon that we should be looking out for?

JB: There is nothing exciting happening in the horror genre in Germany.

G&C: What do you think of other German filmmakers who tried to capitalize on the ground you broke with the *Nekromantik* films. I'm talking specifically about Olaf Ittenbach and Andreas Schnaas.

girlsandcorpses.com





goes into what you are putting on the screen. Do you storyboard, or do you just work off of a very detailed screenplay?

JB: My intention was to get rid of the border between exploitation and art. *Nekromantik* is both. You'll get entertainment and enlightenment out of it. But you have to take the effort of watching the film with open eyes. Most of the time I already have the pictures in my head before shooting.

G&C: To this day, I still find it amazing that you shot your films on Super-8. You had some incredible production value on your films. Did you prefer Super-8, or was it just a budgetary consideration to use that format?

JB: It was a budget consideration to shoot the first *Nekromantik* on Super 8. All my shorts have been done on Super 8 before. I did know how to use it. All my other "art-house" horror feature films are done in 16mm.

G&C: I know you are a big Godzilla fan. As a child I grew up on those films as well, and I still love them. That was always my representation of Japanese cinema, Godzilla and Akira Kurosawa. But the last couple of years I have discovered the "extreme" side of Japanese cinema. These are films that could never get made anywhere but Japan. A good example of this is *Battle Royale*. I absolutely love that movie. I also love the films of Takashi Miike. Have you seen *Battle Royale* or Takashi Miike's *Ichii the Killer*? If so, what do you think of them?

JB: I love Japanese cinema and often do reviews for those films for German magazines. I absolutely love *Audition* and *Visitor Q* by Miike.

G&C: Have you ever been approached by Hollywood to make a film in America? Would you, if asked?

JB: No. But a big budget remake of

Nekromantik would even shock me.

G&C: You've directed quite a few music videos lately. Creatively, which is more satisfying, a feature film or a music video?

JB: The nice thing is that a music video is done in 1 or 2 days. I like that.

G&C: I actually make my living as a grave digger. I exhume corpses for Haunted Attractions and also for various film and television productions. But I have to say, the corpse you made for *Nekromantik* really kicks ass! You did an outstanding job! Do you like doing special effects? Or is it just another job for you?

JB: I think it helps that the first *Nekromantik* is made on Super 8 film stock. It is very grainy. It hides a lot of flaws on the FX and makes the film look like a sick home movie. It pays off that we worked for 2 years on that film. I still do FX sometimes. I was the special FX-Supervisor on *Killer Condom* a few years ago and the recent German movie *Journey into Bliss* by insane director Wenzel Storch.

G&C: Do you have any dream project that you would still like to do?

JB: Yep, I have lots of ideas for films, stage plays and radio plays. That's what I do.

G&C: Lastly, what do you think of *Girls and Corpses* magazine?

JB: I don't have internet and have never seen your magazine. But I like the title very much. Hitting the German market with it? I don't think so.

G&C: Thanks Jorg! We'll send you a copy. Keep up the good work and thanks for taking the time to talk with us.

Jörg Buttgeret's body of work:

Shorts (producer, director, author)

- DER EXPLODIERENDE TURNSCHUH (1981)
- DER TREND — PUNKROCKER ERZÄHLEN AUS IHREM LEBEN (25 Min., 1981)
- BLUTIGE EXZESSE IM FÜHRERBUNKER (8 Min 1981)
- CAPTAIN BERLIN (15 Min., 1982)
- DER GOLLOB (25 Min., 1983)
- HORROR HEAVEN (30 Min., 1984)
- HOT LOVE (40 Min., 1985)
- MEIN PAPI (10 Min., 1995)

Feature Films (director and author, if not indicated otherwise)

- SO WAR DAS SO 36 (90 Min., 1984, Doku., Co-director/producer with M. Jelinski)
- JESUS — DER FILM (by M. Brynntrup, 125 Min., 1985, director of crucifixion sequence)
- NEKROMANTIK (75 Min., 1987)
- DER TODESKING (75 Min., 1989)
- NEKROMANTIK 2 — DIE RÜCKKEHR DER LIEBENDEN TOTEN (103 Min., 1991)
- CORPSE FUCKING ART (60 Min., 1992, Documentary)

- SCHRAMM (75 Min., 1993)
- KONDOM DES GRAUENS (American title: The Killer Condom) (von M. Walz, 100 Min., 1996, Special Effects Supervisor)
- DIE REISE INS GLÜCK / JOURNEY INTO BLISS (von Wenzel Storch, 85 Min. 2004, FX Supervisor, actor)

Music Videos (director & author)

- SHOCK THERAPY: I can't let go (AM-Musik, 1995)
- FLEISCHMANN: Ohne Traurigkeit (Sony, 1995)
- MUTTER: Neue Zeit (DEG, 1996)
- DIE KRUPPS: Rise up (Rough Trade, 1997)
- DANCE OR DIE: Teenage Make-up (Polygram, 1998)
- TOKTOK: Missy Queen's gonna die (Warner, 2001)
- COCKBIRDS: Suche Kontakt (Staatsakt, 2006)

TV (director)

- EIN SUBVERSIVER ROMANTIKER IM DEUTSCHEN HORRORFILM.
- JÖRG BUTTGEREIT (by Alexander Kluge, 50 Min., 1997)
- DIE GLÄSERNEN SARKOPHAGE (30 Min., 1997, Dokumentation, dctp/RTL)
- LEXX — THE DARK ZONE: "NOOK" (50 Min., TV-Series, GER/CAN 1998, Show Producer, 2nd Unit director)
- LEXX — THE DARK ZONE: "791" (50 Min., SF-Series, GER/CAN 1998)
- DIE MONSTERINSEL (45 Min. Dokumentation, WDR 2002)

Books

- SEX MURDER ART — THE FILMS OF JÖRG BUTTGEREIT (by David Kerekes, UK 1998, 180 S.)
- MONSTER AUS JAPAN GREIFEN AN — GODZILLA, GAMERA & CO (1998, 180 S.)
- NIGHTMARES IN PLASTIC (von Buttgeret/Ecke/Engel) (2001, 160 S.)
- JAPAN — DIE MONSTERINSEL (2006, 256 S.) Radio Play (director + author)
- SEXY SUSHI (45 Min., WDR, 2001)
- FRANKENSTEIN IN HIROSHIMA (50 Min WDR, 2002)
- ED GEIN SUPERSTAR (55 Min, WDR 2002)
- BRUCE LEE, DER KLEINE DRACHE (55 Min. WDR 2003)
- INTERVIEW MIT EINEM MONSTER (50 Min. Deutschlandradio 2004)
- HORROR ENTERTAINMENT (50 Min. WDR 2004)
- VIDEO NASTY (50 Min. WDR 2005)
- CAPTAIN BERLIN VERSUS DRACULA (55 Min. WDR 2006)

Musical

- GABBA GABBA HEY I (Music by Ramones, 2005, director and author for German version.)

Jörg Buttgeret's films can now be found in video stores worldwide, and are available for purchase in the U.S. through Barrel Entertainment (www.barrel-entertainment.com)

RIP

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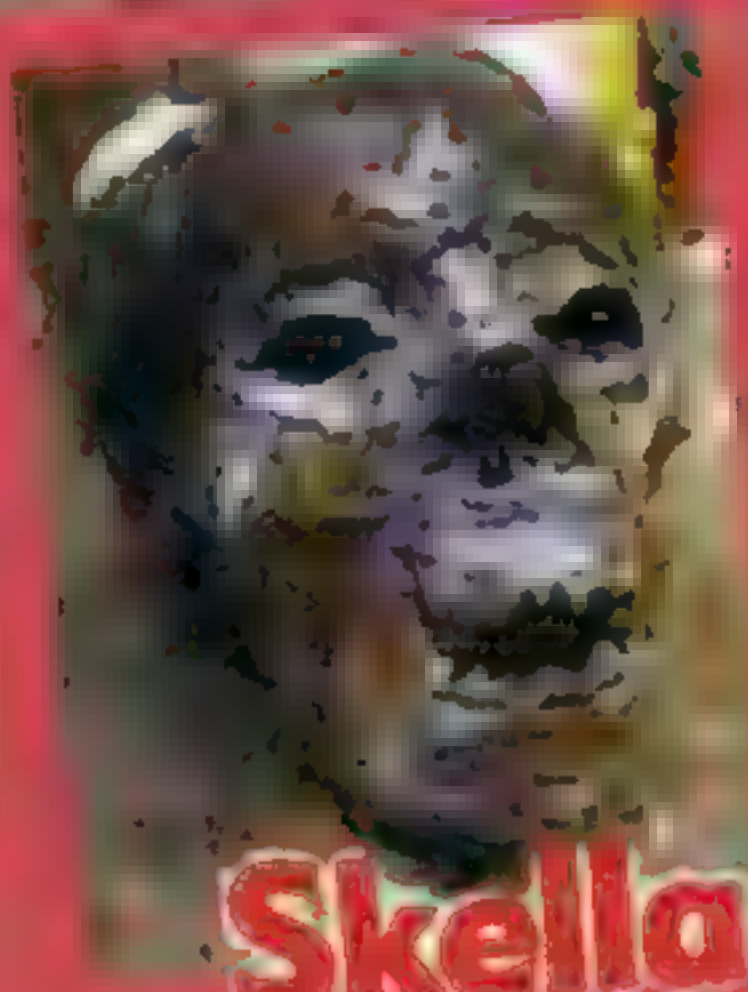
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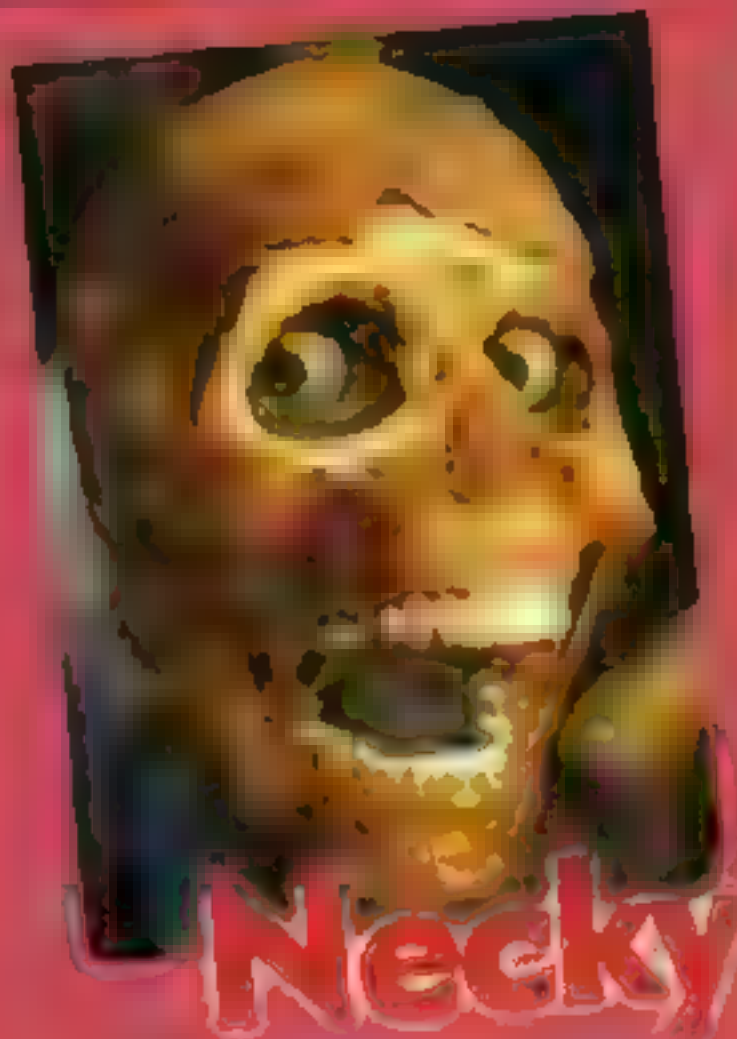
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AOD "Angels of Death" Hell on Wheels



By R. S. Rhine

G&C: So, tell me about the Angels of Death. Do you really go around bumping off the other teams and putting them in their graves?

AOD: Most definitely. To keep it simple, our team is made up of social rejects who have torrid pasts and a pension for violence. Rather

than disclose a teammate's true identity, I'll take the risk and discuss only my own. I was once a distinguished mortician until I became a murderess and hid the remains of my victims among the dead that were under my charge. I'd slip a body in a coffin with someone's dearly departed or toss another body into the crematory. I did my job well so nothing was ever suspicious. But things took a turn and I

felt I had to leave everything behind and start fresh. So I moved to Memphis from my hometown and began a new life. Kicking another girl's ass on the rink satisfies the appetite I had for murder, so I should be able to maintain this new identity as Rollanya Asse.

G&C: How did you get into Roller Derby? Did you die and come back on razor skates?

AOD: First of all, derby is quads only. No roller blades permitted. Now then, I always skated a lot as a kid, up until high school, and when I heard Memphis was forming a roller derby league, I got myself back on the rink right away. I knew I couldn't afford to miss this opportunity -- the opportunity to skate and compete and the chance to escape my past.

G&C: You describe yourself as once a distinguished mortician. Are you for real — or just a funeral home wannabe?

AOD: Between you and me, I was never actually a licensed mortician. I was enrolled in mortuary science but was ejected for mishandling the corpses. I was preparing for what was to come...murder.

G&C: There is a resurgence of roller derby in the country and around the world. What is different about roller derby today, from the days I used to watch Raquel Welch in the epic *Kansas City Bomber*. Why is this not your mother's roller derby?

AOD: It seems to me that the roller derby of the seventies WAS staged. Fake fights, phony hits and theatrics to keep the public entertained. It was also co-ed. I guess when it's all fake, it can be. The roller derby of today is real, everyday women playing with so much passion and frustration from everyday life that the hits just have to be real or it would be unfulfilling. I hear there are a few leagues that do stage fights to keep the fans happy, but if your game was good, they would be satisfied and wouldn't need scripted fights.

G&C: What kind of training do you have as a skater? Also, does the team get together and practice? How often?

AOD: The league formed in February 2006 and we began training ourselves right away. Once we mastered the basics — crossovers, jumping, stopping quick — we focused on game play. We had to learn to fall with minimal possibility of injury, how to take a hit and hit back harder. I knew I wanted to become a jammer, so I took some speed skating classes and adapted what I learned to derby. We practice as a league, all four teams together, once a week and each team has their own practice schedule. Our team practices twice a week and I skate on my own an additional day per week. I like to skate for no less than two hours per practice, and if I go out of town for any reason, my skates go with me so I can hit the local rink. Derby requires a strong time commitment!

G&C: You are a pivot jammer. What does your position entail and assignments of the other positions? Please give us a quick lesson in roller derby.

AOD: A pivot and a jammer are two separate positions. Your jammer is your score maker. Her job is to make a lap through the pack the fastest so she can become the lead jammer and then make as many more laps as

possible. Every time she passes an opposing team member through the pack, she will earn one point for each player. It's a tough position even if you have the speed because there are 5 other girls on the rink trying to hit you every time you pass them. The pivot controls the speed of the pack, which is 3 blockers from each team, and is the last line of defense for the jammer. Everyone in the pack is trying to keep the opposing jammer from getting through so she can't get points while assisting their own jammer pass the other team to get points.

G&C: What are some of the tricks of the trade — both dirty and otherwise?

AOD: I'd like to think our team plays by the book and everyone ELSE is playing dirty. There are ways around the rules and ways to avoid penalties, but I don't think I am willing to disclose such privileged information when the competition may be reading this!

G&C: What is the easiest thing and the hardest thing about roller derby?

AOD: The easiest thing is the skating. It's fun, it's good exercise, you get to hit a few girls around the rink with no real consequences, but the hard part is finding the time to devote to it. Besides the time commitment

"I was enrolled in mortuary science but was ejected for mishandling the corpses. I was preparing for what was to come...murder."

for all those hours of practice, we are required to give 8 hours of league service, handing out flyers, selling merchandise, getting advertisers, etc. Most girls will admit to no longer having non-derby friends and some relationships have even split. You really have to love this sport to be willing to make the sacrifices required of you.

G&C: Do you ladies all party together and socialize with the other teams?

AOD: When the league first formed we were one large group of friends, but once we divided into teams, we have socialized as a unit less. There are still plenty of girls with friends on other teams, and the occasional league fundraiser throws us all together again, but I know I'd like to take a few and toss them in a coffin or two.

G&C: How dangerous really is roller derby? Could you get your head knocked off? What kind of injuries has your team sustained?

AOD: We had to sign a waiver when we joined that acknowledged that death/paralysis is a possibility. The risks are high, but we train to absorb the hits and fall safely. However, you can only control so much. Our team has had enumerable bruises. You never leave a practice without new ones and maybe the old ones grew. There's also been dislocated knees, broken legs, broken elbows, contusions, chipped bones and swelling in places you never knew could swell. I'd say roller derby can be dangerous. Really.

G&C: If Satan had a roller derby team, would you check him?

AOD: Hell Yeah! I'd get myself traded if I wasn't on it!

G&C: We see two dudes in your team shots. Do they play with the team or are they your managers?

AOD: They would be our coaches, Jonjitsu and Satan's Monkey. The coaches and refs are the only men that participate in the league. No male skaters. We have been pleased with their coaching skills so far since we are, technically, undefeated!

G&C: Your team, Angels of Death, is into the goth death scene. Are you really all doctors and attorneys and accountants getting out your sexual frustrations at night in the rink?

AOD: We do have some professionals on our team, including a lawyer, a real estate agent and a nanny, and we do take out our frustrations on the rink. What type of frustrations those are depends on the girl. I own my own business, so I vent the stress of carrying an entire company on my back. You'd be surprised who your favorite derby girl is by day!

G&C: What's the one thing that would most surprise me about roller derby?

AOD: It is NOT staged and many of the skaters are mothers, myself not included. When we are on the rink we have a job to do. We're in a zone. Our work, family and friends are far from our thoughts and concern. So most would be surprised to learn that most of these women go home and play mommy. Also, there is NOTHING fake about derby. We do not stage anything for the sake of your entertainment. The fights are real, the hits are real and the pain is real!

G&C: Tell us some of the names of the other teams in your league and why you can kick their ass.

AOD: There are four teams in Memphis Roller Derby. There's my team, Angels of Death, The Prisskilla Prezelys, Legion of Zoom, and Women of Mass Destruction. The Prisskilla Prezelys are too busy trying to look



**Photo Credits: Cori Dials, Pic of girl w/ hearse: Gwen Reaper
Pic of team on rink: Traci Pannell**

cute to be any real threat to us and Legion of Zoom has the potential to be competition but just aren't there yet. I suppose the closest in rank would be Women of Mass Destruction but we DID kick their ass by 30 points when we bouted them. They have fast jammers and a strong line-up of blockers, but not only are our players equally as solid, we apparently have better strategy, stamina, and training.

G&C: Who is your biggest rival and toughest team in the league? Tell us why you think you are a better team.

AOD: We have no rivals because WE are the toughest team! The other teams play well and offer SOME competition but they seem to put a lot of focus on being friendly to one another. That is important, a team should be united, but training and strategy is more important if you want to win. Our team focuses on winning foremost.

G&C: What are the names of your roller derby team members? Who is the most likely to kick the other teams ass?

AOD: Our captain is Gwen Reaper and Co-Captain is Cat Claus. Our blockers consist of Zell Bent, The Victator, Manda Malice, Carly Manson, Buns N Roses, Candy Crunch & Brooken Bones. Our jammers include myself, Lynn Sanity, Mempho-Maniac and Lil' Cinner. Lil' Cinner is by far the best jammer in the entire league. She is fast on her feet, has amazing agility, and can hit like no other. Not that she ever has to hit her way through the pack since the opposing team rarely sees her coming!

G&C: How many teams are there playing in Memphis, in Tennessee and around the country. Do you travel around the country for games?

AOD: Tennessee stakes claim to quite a few leagues. There are leagues in Nashville, Clarksville, Knoxville and Memphis. Memphis Roller Derby has four teams and a travel team, which will be forming later in the season, made up of our best skaters. There are well over 100 leagues across the country and some are even forming in Europe! New leagues form every day so if your town is next- **SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL DERBY!**

G&C: How popular is roller derby these

days? What kind of crowds do you draw and do they have any teeth?

AOD: Our bouts sell out and we usually turn fans away at the door. This scenario is common, and considering the number of leagues that are forming, I have to say roller derby is pretty damn popular! Derby fans are a mixed group of people. Men, women, young, old, black, white, punks, snobs, they all love derby! As for the number of teeth they have, if they sit in the suicide seats rinkside during one of our bouts, they may be missing a few when they leave!

G&C: Where can our readers watch you play? Will you be coming to a town near us

soon?

AOD: We are currently playing at FunQuest in Collierville, TN, just outside Memphis. Our schedule for the upcoming season can be found at www.memphisrollerderby.com.

G&C: Thank you for the interview you have been an Angel... of Death. See you in the afterlife I'll be at rinkside next to Satan.

**RIP
The Grin Creeper**



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We caught up with Greg Attonito — the heart and soul of the long-running punk band The Bouncing Souls — and the mystery woman who keeps his heart in a lock-box, Shanti.

Girls & Corpses: So, Greg, what do you feed a punk band?

Greg Attonito: Well, the stereotypical answer would be: beer, cigarettes and chicks (in that order) but consumption for me is not so typical. On tour we have what's called a rider for the band backstage. The rider is created by all the band members and consists of whatever they would like to see backstage when they show up at the venue. I can't rock without some fresh local corpse meat from a nearby cemetery.

G&C: The Bouncing Souls have been touring and cutting records now for 15 years — unheard of in the punk scene. To what do you attribute your longevity? Or are you just embalmed by smoky clubs and Jack?

GA: It's a miracle when I think about it for a minute. I really don't know how we did it. It must be a combination of things: a bit of talent, enthusiasm, blind determination, and the blessings from the Dark Lord of Rock.

G&C: Tell us your genesis — when you were formed and how you guys hooked up: you, Greg, (vocals), Michael McDermott (drums), Papillon (bass), The Pete (guitars).

GA: We were a bunch of high school kids

looking for something to do. We got started playing cover songs and throwing parties. The more we did it the more we didn't want to stop...and we just didn't stop.

G&C: What is punk? How is it different from Spunk and funk?

GA: Spunk is something you need to bring the funk to punk.

G&C: If you were stranded on a desert island, which band member would you eat first and why?

GA: McDermott, because he smokes a lot of pot... it would kinda be like eating a pot cookie.

G&C: Greg, I know you are married to the lovely and an extremely talented singer Shanti (in her own right) <http://shantimusic.com/>. How did you guys meet? Was she your groupie? Or visa versa?

GA: We met in India. I was definitely her groupie. Did I mention I caught her cheating on me with a dead corpse? A REALLY dead corpse. She keeps telling me it was just a bad dream.

G&C: Does Shanti tour with you? Or does she just have spies? In other words: Is there such a thing as trust on the road?

GA: Well, there has to be for us. We really love each other. As for everyone else...???

G&C: You guys are a punk band but you write of love and life. How about hate and

death like other punk bands?

GA: There are not a lot of bands that can write about hate and death well... but there are plenty who try. For some reason we were never very good at it. The love and life stuff seems to work better and you don't have to deal with all the makeup and extra props.

G&C: You call yourself The Bouncing Souls. Do you believe in the soul, and would you sell yours to get a Grammy?

GA: Where do I go to sell it? Is that all it takes to get a Grammy?

G&C: What do you think happens to you after you die, and I don't just mean the band breaking up?

GA: I have some ideas but I'm not really sure. It's gonna be good though. As far as my remains... I hope I die before Shanti so she can pose with me in Girls & Corpses. Shanti will probably still look pretty good in her old age. Have you ever thought of doing a 60 and over Girls & Corpses?

G&C: All of our corpses are over 60. What do think of early punk bands like the Sex Pistols. Do you try to emulate other punkers of the era or did they just emulate you?

GA: The Sex Pistols rule. We definitely ripped everybody off and now the kids are rip-pin' us off. I guess that's how it works. We all have to learn some where.

G&C: You guys just put out a disc called

FOLLOW THE BOUNCING SOULS



"Gold Record." Is that wishful thinking?

GA: We figured if no one was going to give us a gold record, we would just give ourselves one.

G&C: What do you guys do after a show, check into a rest home? How do you relax, or do you always have a bug up your ass to keep touring?

GA: This answer is different for all the band members. Sometimes I feel like checkin' into a rest home cuz all the other band members have a bug up their ass to keep touring. You might just get that photo shoot with Shanti and my corpse now when she is looking young and sexy cuz the band is gonna kill me for sayin' that one.

G&C: Do you live a punk lifestyle (whatever that is – maybe combing your mohawk) or is it all just show and business?

GA: I live a punk life style by eating right and getting plenty of sleep. I love my wife very much and I enjoy the company of creative, like-minded "crazy" people... Robert.

G&C: Tell us about your amazing song "Letter to Iraq?" Would you ever tour to Iraq and play it in Baghdad for the troops?

GA: Yeah, but the people in charge wouldn't like to hear what we have to say. I'd get up there and tell everybody to stop shooting people. And that the President and his cronies are a bunch of un-American bastards that aren't men enough to fight their own dumb war.

G&C: But how do you really feel? Where do you think the punk scene is today? Is it stagnant, growing or festering?

GA: All of the above. It's all over the place and there's big money in it, which can really strip the fun out of it. A lot of kids today know they can get a record deal by making trendy music that doesn't say anything...but there is also a lot of great music out there. So like I said, it's all over the place. The real idea of punk is covered up in a bunch of trends. The real meaning of punk is finding your way on your own terms.

G&C: How much longer do you guys see yourselves touring, or are you like the Rolling Stones – jammin' 'til the bitter end?

GA: I love touring and I hate touring. Too much of it is hell but none of it is no fun. Hopefully, we will strike a balance as we go.

G&C: For all us music freaks, tell us some tech shit about what guitars you play and sometimes bash on the ground (or it that passé?)

GA: Pete plays Gibson Les Pauls and Marshall amplifiers. Bryan plays a Fender bass with an Ampeg amp. Michael plays Premier drums, but it ain't the brand names, kids. A great rocker can make anything sound good.

G&C: You guys tour like mad dogs. Is life on the road everything it's not cracked up to be and worse?

GA: It is glamour and good times day and night...woo hoo...if you like getting no sleep, eating terrible food, driving for 8 hours a day every day for a month, and being breathed on by a thousand drunk people every night, it's the life for you... it's extreme and it's been hell a lot of the time... but the experience is something I wouldn't trade for all the money and all the girls and corpses in the world.

G&C: Wow, that's saying a lot. This next question is an easy one. What is the meaning of life? And... death?

GA: Life isn't living if you are already walking dead... and death doesn't exist if you believe you live forever. Einstein said something like, "We are all energy and energy just changes form." He was no dummy. I wonder if he would have liked the Sex Pistols?

G&C: I think he was a Sex Pistol. You have been called New Jersey's greatest export, except for maybe the Sopranos. But there is another pretty famous export by the name of Springsteen. Have you ever had a chance to meet and work with 'The Boss'?

GA: No, but we did get a chance to perform with his drummer, "The Mighty Max Weinberg." It was a great time. We all love Bruce Springsteen and look to him as a mentor of sorts. And while we are on the subject of the Boss, here's a fun story: In an interview for the *New York Times*, Max describes a conversation he was having with some of the E Street Band members. They were whining that there are no more REAL rock 'n roll bands anymore. Max said, "If you think that, then you haven't seen The Bouncing Souls."

G&C: Nice. So... what do you see yourself doing in ten years?

GA: I will have explored distant universes and will have time for plenty of surfing with Shanti.

G&C: This question is for Shanti: Will you still be with Greg when he looks like Keith Richards?

Shanti: No matter how old Keith Richards gets, he'll always have his bad boy sex appeal... that never dies. As far as GREG goes... he'll never be Keith Richards, so wish him luck... I mean, he doesn't even have a cool accent (by the way, let me know if you ever interview Keith as a corpse; maybe I could "crash" the party and pose as his "bimbo!")

G&C: And finally... What do you think of Girls and Corpses Magazine?

GA: In all honesty I just hung up my 2007 G&C calendar. I feel a warm feeling in my heart every time I look at it.

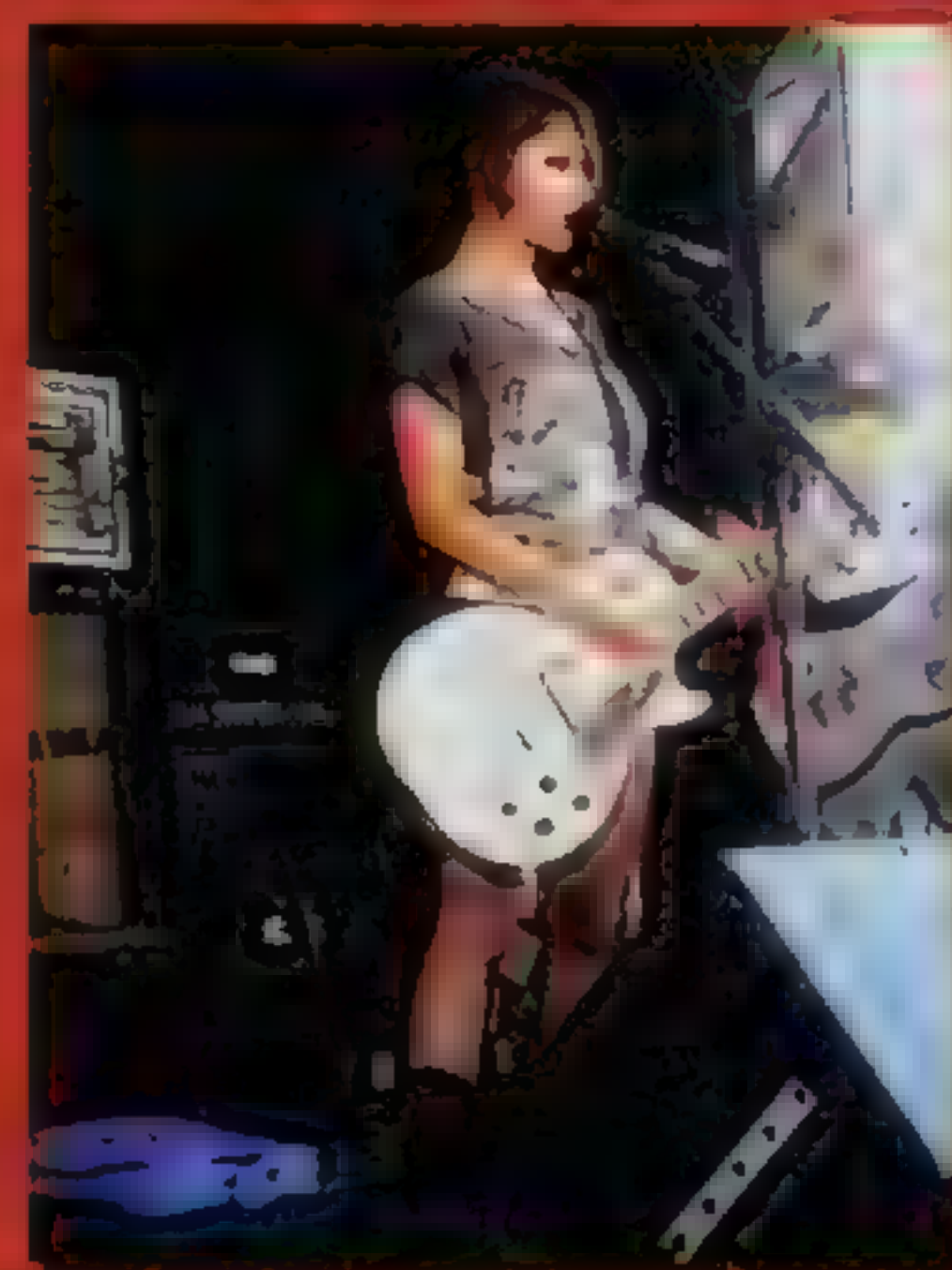
G&C: Where can our readers buy your CDs and hear you play next?

GA: Our CDs are relatively easy to find in stores and online.

Check out the details at www.bouncing-souls.com

Thanks Robert, Readers, and lovers of Girls & Corpses.

Keep Rockin and Rottin'!!!



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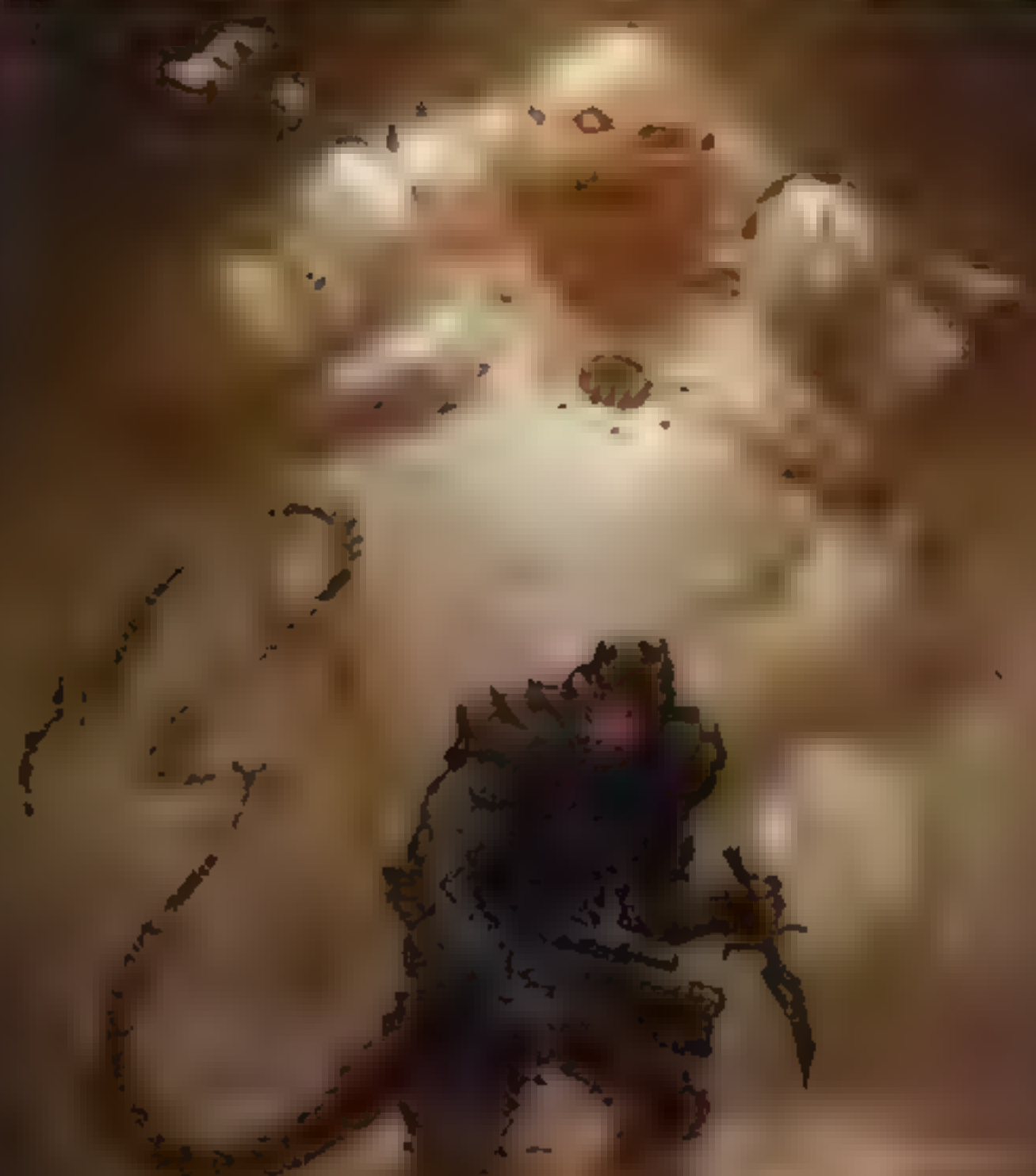
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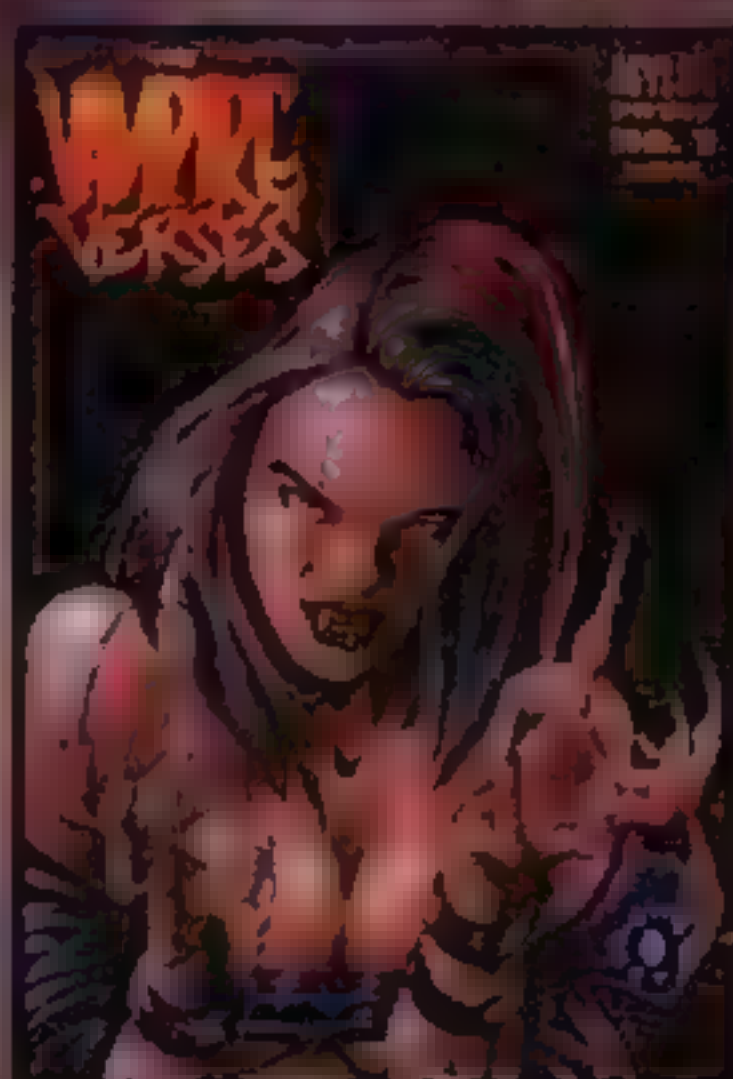
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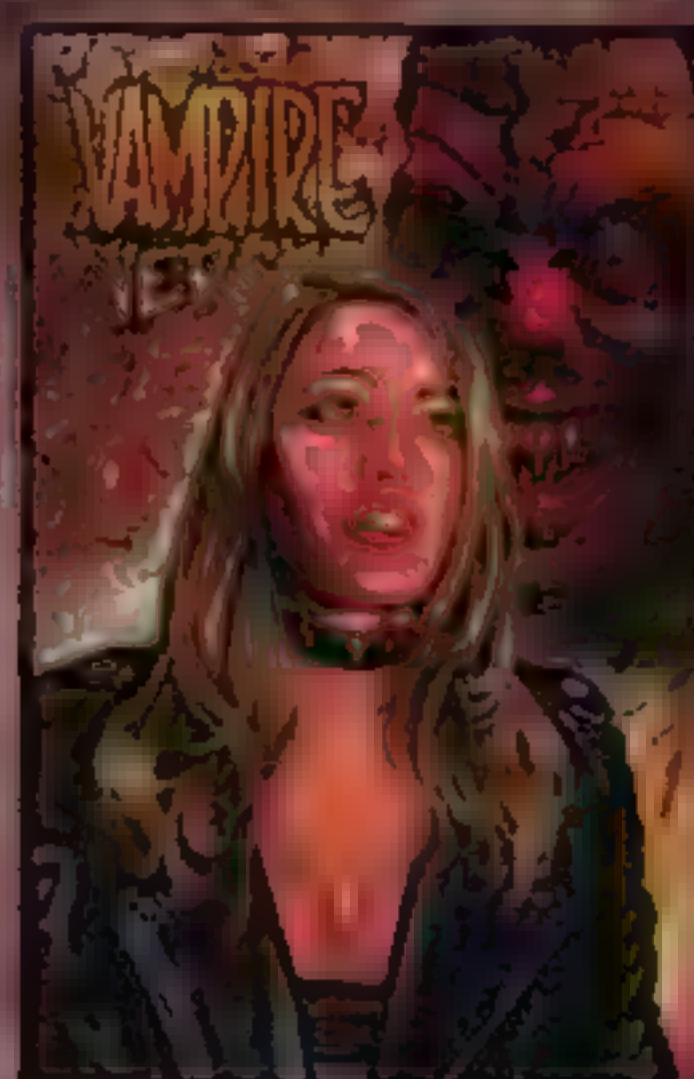
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ISSUE 1



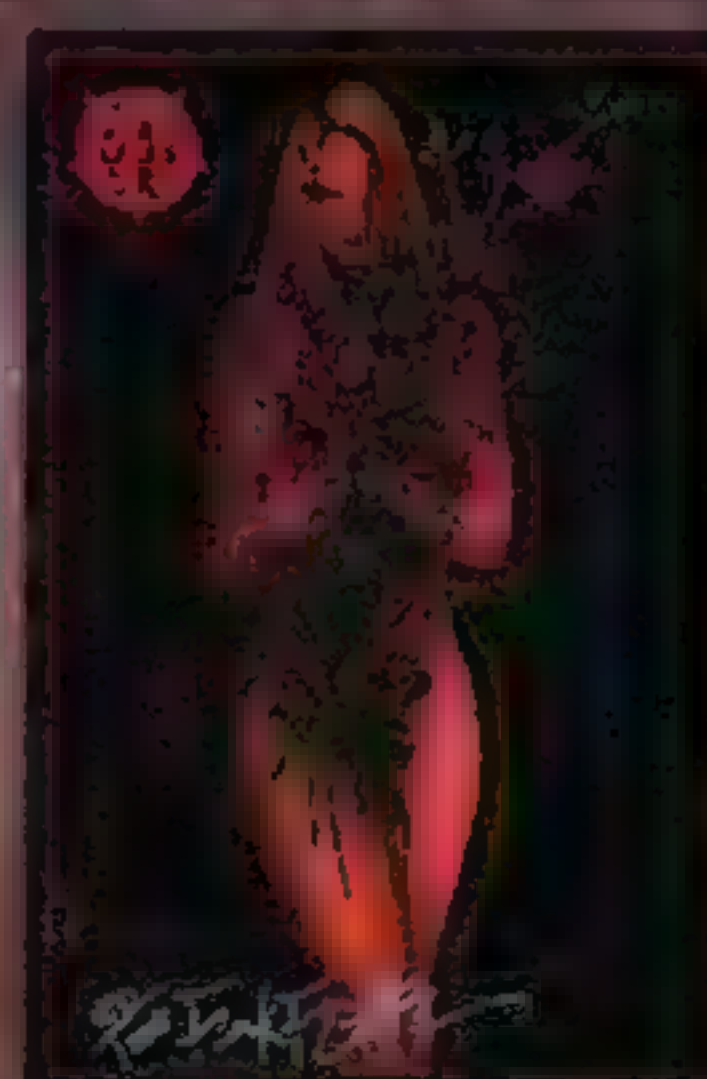
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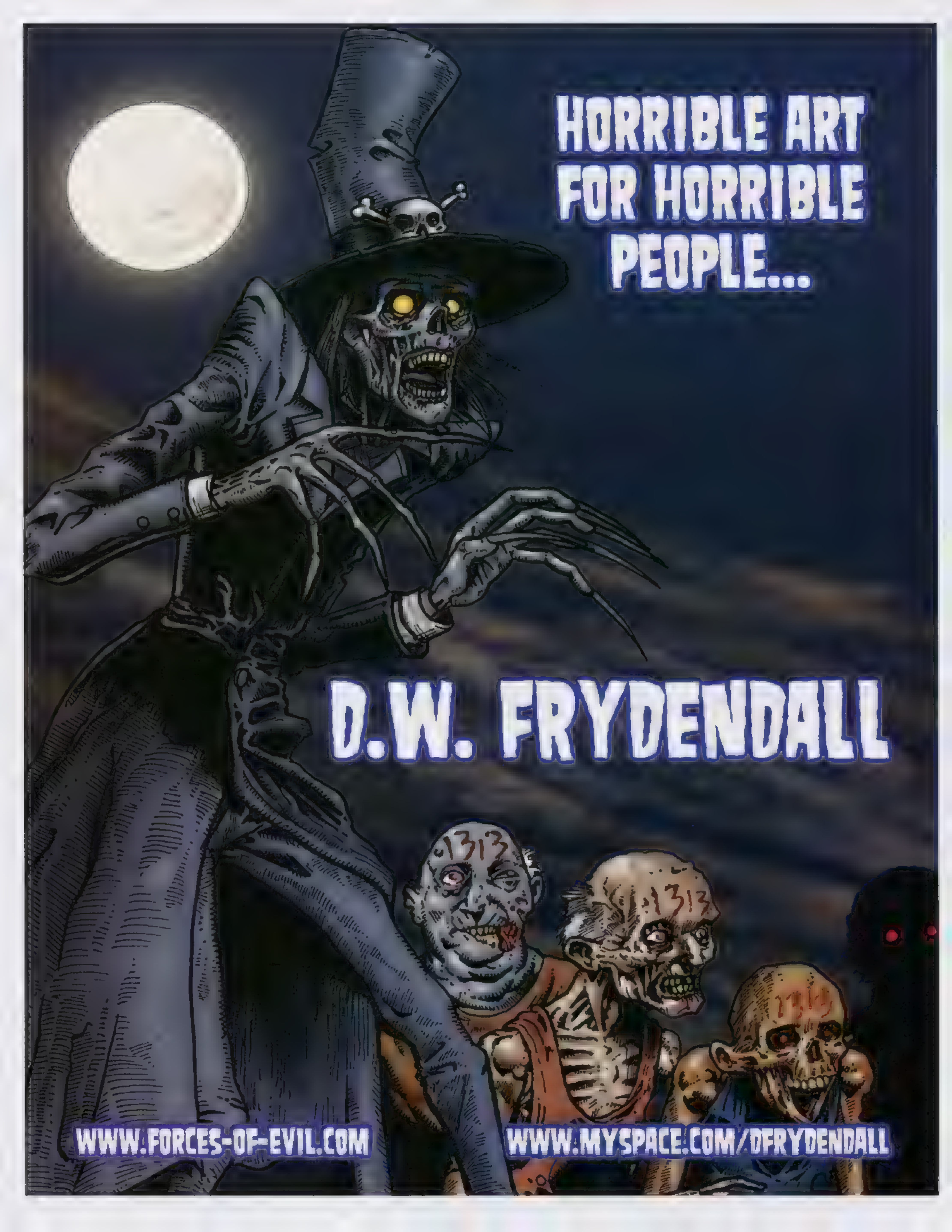


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Dear Dr. Necco Feelya

If a zombie masturbates, is that necrophilia?
Pee Wee Zombie

Good question, Pee wee:

Necrophilia is a term referring to sex with another body — a dead one. Obviously, a dead body can't masturbate considering there's no brain function. But the debate is whether a zombie is actually "dead" or "alive." We know that a zombie's body is dead, but their brain is still functioning, therefore technically "alive." But this brings up the topic of zombie masturbation (aka beating a dead corpse). Would a zombie masturbate — considering they are only interested in eating flesh and staggering about? However, a zombie might masturbate with a severed penis. So, I would say that a zombie masturbating is not necrophilia but rather "zombie-bation."

Next month, we will explore whether a zombie can go blind masturbating — or are they already blind?

Dear Dr. Necco Feelya,

I get turned on when I read *Girls and Corpses* magazine. Does that mean I'm a necrophiliac?

Republican Congressman Flogmyaz

Dear Congressman Flogmyaz,

Don't worry, your feelings are perfectly abnormal. Everyone has necro-feelings from time to time, especially Republicans. We can fantasize about such things without ever acting on them. Now, I have to get powdered, pierced and diapered by my mistress.

Dear Dr. Necco Feelya,

I have invented a device that will change necrophilia forever. I call it the Pocket Corpsy. Now, I don't have to lurk around in graveyards in the middle of the night, and I can even pleasure myself while driving. What do you think? Or does my idea stink?

Do I Stink?

Dear Stinky:

Isn't that a rhetorical question? Of course it stinks. But I think your invention will someday outsell the Pocket Fisherman! Please send us a sample so we can test it out in our G&C lab.

Dear Dr. Necco Feelya,

My corpse wants to video tape us having sex. But I'm afraid of the tape getting out somehow and winding up with the police or worse, "Hard Copy!" Should I tell Corpsy no filming allowed?

Camera Shy

Dear Camera Shy,

Lots of couples record themselves making love: Tommy Lee and Pamela Anderson, Paris Hilton and that rich dude... and that other rich

"Dr. Necco Feelya says, "Love the corpse you're with."

**"DR. NECCO FEELYA, M.D.,
DDS, OB/GYN**

aka Doctor D

**Answers all your questions
about love and sex... and
death.**

guy. Hmm... maybe you're right. Please send your copy of the tape to me for safekeeping.

Dear Dr. Necco Feelya,

My partner takes forever to ejaculate. I go down on him for hours at a time. Recently I discovered the reason. He's dead! Do you think my bjs killed him?

Ms. Killer BJ

Dear Ms. Killer BJ,

There's only one way to determine this — please come to my office for a consultation, and

I will determine if your blow jobs are really killer.

Dear Dr. Necco Feelya,

I think my corpse is pregnant!

Nervous Corpse Daddy

Dear Nervous Corpse Daddy

Bloating can be mistaken for a pregnancy. Make a small incision on the stomach of your pregnant corpse. If maggots come out it's a boy... flies, it's a girl. P.S. Congratulations!

Dear Dr. Necco Feelya,

Sex with my corpse is painful. He is rather large and I am small and brittle. When he gets on top of me I sound like bubble wrap popping.

Popping Fresh

Dear Popping Fresh,

Try getting on top of your corpse, of course.

Dear Dr. Necco Feelya,

This is kind of embarrassing — but I have flies. You know... down there. My husband won't go down on me anymore.

Flies Down South

Dear Flies Down South,

Try adding a fly swatter spanking to your sex play. Besides, what corpse doesn't want a mouth full of maggots?

Dear Dr. Necco Feelya,

What's the best position to stimulate a corpse?

Miss Shenary

Dear Miss Shenary,

They're dead. You couldn't stimulate them with dynamite.

Dear Dr. Necco Feelya,

My wife just kind of lays there, she's only been dead for about a year, and I'm still a horny newlydead. Can you please help us?

Frustrated to Death

Dear Frustrated to Death,

You must find her 'D' spot. It's just North of her 'G' spot. When you find it, let me know, and I'll be right over.

Dear Dr. Necco Feelya,

When I, um, go down on my dead girlfriend, she smells really nasty. Like a tomb filled with dead tuna. I can't get past the rotten stench. Can you help us?

Smells like Death

Dear She Smells Like Death,

Get over it! She's dead, remember? But so are you! You think you smell like a bouquet?!



Photo: Lun Bixby

CORPSIFIED ADS

PARTLY USED COFFIN, only used once for about a week. Check didn't clear so the coffin is now available for you for just \$1,995.00. Made of titanium with bullet proof glass, this handsome custom coffin was made for a made guy - like you. Don't be a wise guy... get this coffin before it goes, or, you can fuggetaboutit.

MAUSOLEUM FOR RENT. A nice room, small-ish, available for rent at Hyperion Mortuary in Salt Lake City. It has a nice view overlooking the crematorium. There's nothing like waking up to the smell of burning bodies. No subletting allowed. There is a lake nearby with swans. Call Ivan Strokanoff at ML3-125-0958

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JOIN THE PEACE CORPSE! See the world. Help disadvantaged corpses. Make something of yourself -- before you're a corpse. You owe it to our

country and to yourself! Write P.O. Box 4444! Petaluma, CA 96857

LOST: MY MIND. It was left on the subway at Pennsylvania Ave. Please call George Bush at the White House. Phone WH2-6475

CORPSE MASSAGE. My name is Mandy. I am a college student. I will "come" to you and massage your bones to a very happy ending. In call/out call /death call. Let me massage your rigor mortis away -- as you drift into the afterlife. Call Mandy at Massage Masters. (321) 9966

DO YOU WANT TO EXCHANGE TOMBS? I am a corpse living in Paris and I would like to exchange a tomb in New Orleans for two months in November. Call Lestat at: 001-684737397

MISSED ENCOUNTER. Hi -- remember me. I have white hair, rotting teeth and big empty eye-sockets. We met in passing at a funeral in Atlanta. You looked so handsome in your blue suit. I'd love to get a drink of embalming fluid with you sometime. Me? I'm fun, filled with maggots and ready to party! Email me at: deadmama@earthlink.com

NEED COFFIN-MATE ASAP!!! (Koreatown) I had a situation arise where I will need to leave my coffin by the end of the month and I need to find someone to replace me. About the corpse you'd be with. She is a nurse 137 years young. She pays the bills on time and is a lot of fun. LOVES music. About the coffin. It's a loft style 2 story 2 bedrooms. I hate to leave it. The funeral director is really cool. Very unique coffin, and very easy to live in. There is only one parking spot, so street parking outside the cemetery, but it's not that bad. Email MonaLott@AOL.com

MISSING: DEAD DOG. Goes by the name of "Smelly." Reward offered. He's kind of flat with tire marks on back. Call R.I.P. Taylor at (851) 985-0707

IN NEED OF A CHANGE? Want to live a little? I offer a hearse tour services. I will drive you around, if you're unable, and be your caretaker. Don't be caught in your tomb. Get out and see what you're missing. Call Floyd the Hearse

Driver at (675)758-978-9687.

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LOST. Gold teeth. I died and they were gone. If you find them, please call Skully Knuckledragger at: (666) 555-6932

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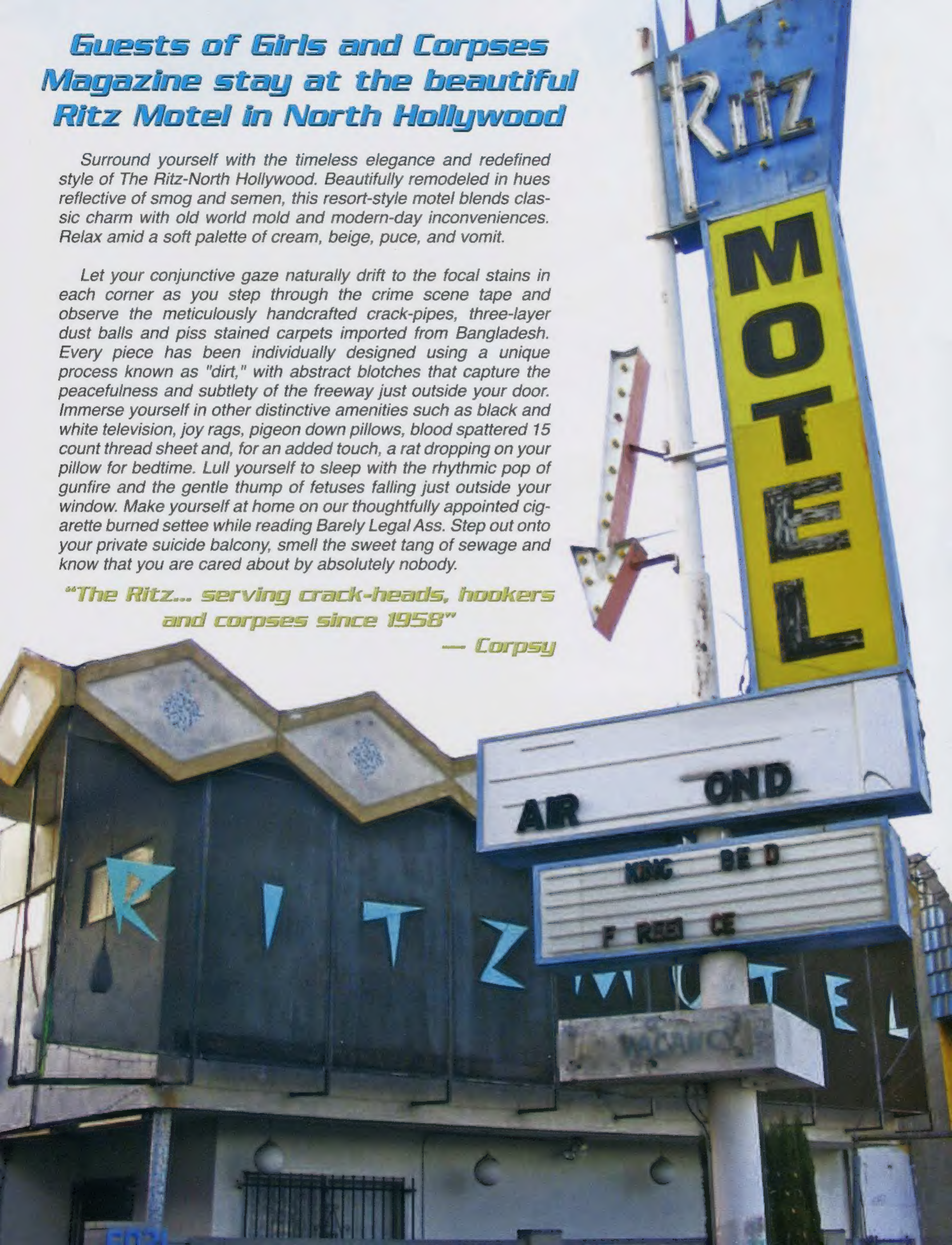
Guests of Girls and Corpses Magazine stay at the beautiful Ritz Motel in North Hollywood

Surround yourself with the timeless elegance and redefined style of The Ritz-North Hollywood. Beautifully remodeled in hues reflective of smog and semen, this resort-style motel blends classic charm with old world mold and modern-day inconveniences. Relax amid a soft palette of cream, beige, puce, and vomit.

Let your conjunctive gaze naturally drift to the focal stains in each corner as you step through the crime scene tape and observe the meticulously handcrafted crack-pipes, three-layer dust balls and piss stained carpets imported from Bangladesh. Every piece has been individually designed using a unique process known as "dirt," with abstract blotches that capture the peacefulness and subtlety of the freeway just outside your door. Immerse yourself in other distinctive amenities such as black and white television, joy rags, pigeon down pillows, blood spattered 15 count thread sheet and, for an added touch, a rat dropping on your pillow for bedtime. Lull yourself to sleep with the rhythmic pop of gunfire and the gentle thump of fetuses falling just outside your window. Make yourself at home on our thoughtfully appointed cigarette burned settee while reading Barely Legal Ass. Step out onto your private suicide balcony, smell the sweet tang of sewage and know that you are cared about by absolutely nobody.

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What me wormy?



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"I love Girls and Corpses Magazine – You can't go wrong with hot chicks & the dead!!!" *XOXO - Sheri Moon Zombie ("The Devil's Rejects")*

"What an amazing magazine!" *James Wan (Director "Saw" I, II, III)"*

"Girls and Corpses is great!"
Eli Roth (Director "Hostel")

"How did I not know this magazine existed?"
Mick Garris (Masters of Horror)

"Hot chicks and horror – man I love it!"
Chris Gore – Editor Film Threat Magazine

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Director Joe Dante

"Laugh? We nearly died!" *Penthouse Magazine*

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